

THE  
WORKS  
OF

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

---

VOLUME the SECOND,

CONSISTING OF

COMEDIES.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCXLV.



PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

The Merchant of *VENICE*.

*LOVE's* Labour's lost.

As you like it.

The *TAMING* of the *SHREW*.

*ALL's* well that *ENDS* well.

*TWELFTH NIGHT*: or, What you will.

The *WINTER's* Tale.





THE  
MERCHANT  
OF  
VENICE.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*DUKE of Venice.*

*Morochius, a Moorish Prince,*

*Prince of Arragon,*

*Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice.*

*Bassanio, his Friend, in love with Portia.*

*Salanio,*

*Solarino,*

*Gratiano,*

*Lorenzo, in love with Jessica,*

*Shylock, a Jew.*

*Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.*

*Launcelot, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.*

*Gobbo, an old Man, Father to Launcelot.*

*Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.*

*Balthazar, Servant to Portia.*

*Portia, an Heiress of great Quality and Fortune.*

*Nerissa, Confident to Portia.*

*Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.*

*Senators of Venice, Officers, Servants to Portia, and  
other Attendants.*

*SCENE partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the  
Seat of Portia upon the Continent.*

THE





THE  
MERCHANT of VENICE.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Anthonio, Solarino, and Salanio.*

ANTHONIO.



N sooth I know not why I am so sad:  
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn——

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Sal.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean.  
There where your Argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,  
Do over-peer the petty traffickers  
That curtsie to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Sola.* Believe me, Sir, had I such 'ventures' forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes aboard. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,

A 3

Prying

i venture

Prying in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;  
 And every object that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
 Would make me sad.

*Sal.* My wind cooling my broth  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
 And see my wealthy <sup>2</sup>'Arg'sie' dock'd in sand,  
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me strait of dang'rous rocks?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all the spices on the stream,  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
 And in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?  
 But tell not me, I know *Antonio*  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Anth.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Sola.* Why then you are in love.

*Anth.* <sup>3</sup>'Fie, fie, away!'

*Sola.* Not in love neither! then let's say you're sad,  
 Because you are not merry; 'twere as easy  
 For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry,  
 'Cause you're not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,  
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;

And

*Andrew.*

3 Fie, fie!



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And others of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Gratiano.*

*Sal.* Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,  
*Gratiano* and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Sola.* I would have staid 'till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Anth.* Your worth is very dear in my regard:  
I take it your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

*Sal.* Good morrow, my good Lords. [when?

*Bass.* Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? say  
You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

*Sal.* We'll make our leisure to attend on yours.

*Sola.* My lord *Bassanio*, since you've found *Anthonio*,  
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,  
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you. [Exeunt *Solar.* and *Sala.*

*Gra.* You look not well, signior *Anthonio*;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Anth.* I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,  
A stage where every man must play his part;  
And 'mine's a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool  
With mirth and laughter; 'so let wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandfire cut in *Alabaster*?  
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,  
(I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks:)

A 4

There

4 mine.

5 let old.

And



There are a sort of men, whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
 And do a wilful stilness entertain,  
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
 As who should say, I am *Sir Oracle*,  
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!  
 O my *Anthonio*, I do know of those,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing; who I'm very sure,  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.<sup>a</sup>  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.  
 Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.  
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men;  
 For *Gratiano* never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Anth.* Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks faith; for silence is only commendable  
 In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Grat. and Lor.*]

*Anth.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more  
 than any man in all *Venice*: his reasons are as two grains  
 of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all  
 day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are  
 not worth the search.

*Anth.* Well; tell me now what lady is<sup>6</sup> 'this' same  
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.*

(a) Alluding to what is said in the Gospel, that Whosoever shall  
 say to his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of Hell-fire. (*Theo-  
 bald.*)  
<sup>6</sup> the

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*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthony*,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By shewing something a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance;  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd: to you, *Anthony*,  
I owe the most in mony, and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
T' unburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Anth.* I pray you, good *Bassanio*, let me know it,  
And if it stand, as you your self still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extreamest means  
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other, forth; by ventring both,  
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost; but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Anth.* You know me well, and herein spend but time  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,

*Bass.* Than if you had made waste of all I have.  
Then do but say to me, what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And



And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

*Bass.* In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues; <sup>7</sup> 'sometime' from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages;  
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd  
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus' Portia*:  
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,  
Which makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Cholchos* strand,  
And many *Jasons* come in quest of her.  
O my *Antonio*, had I but the means  
To hold a rival-place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such a thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Anth.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,  
Nor have I mony, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum; therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;  
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:  
Go presently enquire, and so will I,  
Where mony is, and I no question make  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

<sup>7</sup> sometimes . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.* (a) Thrift, for thriving.



S C E N E



S C E N E II.

BELMONT.

*Three Caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver, and another of lead.*

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* **B**Y my troth, *Nerissa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for ought I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; therefore it is no small happiness to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, <sup>8</sup> and competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Ner.* They would be better if well follow'd.

*Por.* If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches, and poor mens cottages Princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, <sup>9</sup> than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Nerissa*, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.*

<sup>8</sup> but,

<sup>9</sup> than to be one.

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nam'st them I will describe them, and according to my description level at my affection.

*Ner.* First there is the *Neapolitan Prince*.

*Por.* Ay, that's a 'dolt' indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then there is the Count *Palatine*.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse: he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two.

*Ner.* How say you by the *French Lord*, Monsieur *Le Boun*!

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan's*, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*, he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

1 colt . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

*Por.*



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*Por.* You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you may come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *English*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how odly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the *Scottish* lord his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *English-man*, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony's* nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; and, the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of *Rhenish* wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.*

*Por.*



*Por.* If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and wish them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiss of *Mountferrat*?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I think, he was so called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with <sup>2</sup> 'so good a heart' as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come *Nerissa*. Sirrah go before; while we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

#### V E N I C E.

*Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

*Sky.* **T**Hree thousand ducats? well.

*Bass.* Ay Sir, for three months.

*Sky.* For three months? well.

<sup>2</sup> so good heart

*Bass.*

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* shall be bound.

*Sky.* *Anthonio* shall become bound? well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

*Sky.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Sky.* *Anthonio* is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Sky.* No, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I understand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, failers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pyrates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient; three thousand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assur'd you may.

*Sky.* I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me; may I speak with *Anthonio*?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Sky.* Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*; who is he comes here?

*Enter Anthonio.*

*Bass.* This is Signior *Anthonio*.

*Sky.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks! I hate him, for he is a christian:  
But more, for that in low simplicity

*Bass.*

He



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He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails  
Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls Interest. Cursed be my tribe.  
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* *Skylock*, do you hear?

*Sky.* I am debating of my present store,  
And by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?  
*Tubal*, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,  
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months  
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good Signior, [*To Anth.*  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Anth.* *Skylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend  
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possesst  
How much he would?

*Sky.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Anth.* And for three months.

*Sky.* I had forgot, three months, ' he told me so;  
Well then your bond: and let me see, but hear you,  
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

*Anth.* I do never use it.

*Sky.* When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban's* sheep,  
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was  
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*Anth.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Sky.* No, not take int'rest, not as you would say  
Directly int'rest; mark what *Jacob* did.

When



When *Laban* and himself were compromis'd  
That all the yeanlings which were streak'd and pied  
Should fall as *Jacob's* hire; the ewes being rank,  
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;  
+ 'Then' when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And in the doing of the deed of kind,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;  
Who then conceiving, did in yeanning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacob's*.  
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Anth.* This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for;  
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heav'n.  
Was this insert'd to make int'rest good?  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

*Sby.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;  
But note me, Signior.

*Anth.* Mark you this, *Bassanio*?  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O what a godly outside falsehood hath!

*Sby.* Three thousand ducats! 'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Anth.* Well, *Shylock*, shall we be beholden to you?

*Sby.* Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft  
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,  
About my monies and my usances.  
Still have I born it with a patient shrug,  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my *Jewish* gabardine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.

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B

- Well

4 And.

Well then, it now appears you need my help:  
 Go to then, you come to me, and you say,  
*Skylock*, we would have monies; you say so,  
 You that did void your rheume upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold: money is your suit;  
 What should I say to you? should I not say,  
 Hath a dog money? is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,  
 Say this: fair Sir, you spit on me last *Wednesday*,  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me dog; and for these curtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much monies.

*Anth.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friend, (for when did friendship take  
 A breed of barren metal of his friend?)  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,  
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
 Exact the penalty.

*Sky.* Why how you storm?  
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:  
 'This sure is kind' I offer.

*Anth.* This were kindness.

*Sky.* This kindness will I show;  
 Go with me to a Notary, seal me there  
 Your single bond, and in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day,  
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are

**Express'd**

(a) Breed of metal, meaning money at usury, money that breeds more.  
 (Theobald) The old editions (two of 'em) have it, A bribe of barren  
 metal— 5 This is kind.



Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body it shall please me.

*Antb.* Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Antb.* Why fear not, man, I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months (that's a month before  
This bond expires) I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Sby.* O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!  
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect  
The thoughts of others! pray you tell me this,  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable or profitable,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

*Antb.* Yes, *Skylock*, I will seal unto this bond.

*Sby.* Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats strait,  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Antb.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn christian, he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

*Antb.* Come on, in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

refs'd  
more.  
barren



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

BELMONT.

*Enter Morochius a Tawny-Moor all in white, and three or four Followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

**M**Islike me not for my complection,  
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where *Phæbus*' fire scarce thaws the isicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love I swear,  
 The best regarded virgins of our clime  
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.  
 But if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedg'd me by his<sup>6</sup> 'will' to yield my self  
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;  
 Your self, renowned Prince, then stood as fair  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*Mor.* Ev'n for that I thank you;

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# The Merchant of VENICE.

21

Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,  
That slew the Sophy and a *Persian* Prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!  
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is *Alcides* beaten by his 'Page,'  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance,  
And either not attempt to chuse at all,  
Or swear before you chuse, if you chuse wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not; therefore bring me to my chance.

*Por.* First forward to the temple, after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [Cornets.  
To make me blest or curs'd 'ft among men. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

### VENICE.

*Enter Launcelot alone.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run  
from this Jew my master. The fiend is at  
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo*,

B 3

*Launcelot*

7 Rage . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says no; take heed, honest *Launcelot*, take heed, honest *Gobbo*, or as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run, scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack, *via* says the fiend, away says the fiend, for the heav'ns rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son — for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste. — well, my conscience says, budge not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel ill. To be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Jew* my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old Gobbo with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master *Jew's*?

*Laun.* O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master *Jew's*?

*Laun.* Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew's* house.

*Gob.*



*The Merchant of V E N I C E.*

23

*Gob.* By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master *Launcelot*? (mark me now, now will I raise the waters;) talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

*Gob.* No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master *Launcelot*?

*Gob.* Your worship's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talk you of young master *Launcelot*?

*Gob.* Of *Launcelot*, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo* master *Launcelot*; talk not of master *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

*Gob.* Marry God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, Sir, stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you let's have no more fooling about it,

B 4

but

but give me your blessing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew's* man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margery* indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own flesh and blood: lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my 'Thill'-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then that *Dobbin's* tail grows backward, I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou chang'd! how dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very *Jew*: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your present to one master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* any longer.

*Enter Bassanio with Leonardo and a follower or two more.*

*Bass.* You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy.

§ Phill or Fill . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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*Laun.* Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew's* man, that would, Sir, as my father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve.

*Laun.* Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my father shall specifie.

*Gob.* His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce catercousins.

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutifie unto you.

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to my self, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both, what would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, Sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit; *Shylock*, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich *Jew's* service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well; go, father, with thy son: Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out; give him a livery, More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in; I cannot get a service, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, a if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table — which doth offer to swear upon a book, *I shall have good fortune* — go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives

*Laun.* (a) Looking on his own hand. . . . Warburton, who directed these breaks to mark something wanting in all the Editions.

wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man! and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed, here are simple 'scapes! well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Ex. Laun. and Gob.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this; These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, Sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]

*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio*!

*Bass.* 'Signior *Gratiano*!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* 'Nay, you must not deny me,' I must go With you to *Belmont*.

*Bass.* Why then you must: but hear thee, *Gratiano*, Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why there they shew Something too liberal; pray thee take pain T' allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio*, hear me. If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear

9 Gratiano!

1 You must not deny me,



*The Merchant of VENICE.* 27

Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely,  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with mine hat, and sigh and say Amen;  
Use all th' observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam; never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night, you shall not gage me  
By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:  
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

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S C E N E IV.

*Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*

*Jes.* I'M sorry thou wilt leave my father so,  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;  
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.  
And, *Launcelot*, soon at supper shalt thou see  
*Lorenzo*, who is thy new master's guest;  
Give him this letter, do it secretly,  
And so farewell: I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful  
Pagan, most sweet *Jew*! if a christian did not play the  
knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu,  
these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit:  
adieu.

[*Exit.*]

*Jes.* Farewel, good *Launcelot*.  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,

To

To be asham'd to be my father's child?  
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
 I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,  
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,  
 Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio.*

*Lor.* **N**AY, we will flink away in supper-time, disguise  
 us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Sal.* We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.

*Sola.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,  
 And better in my mind not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours  
 To furnish us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

*Enter Launcelot with a letter.*

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall  
 seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,  
 And whiter than the <sup>2</sup> 'paper that it writ on'  
 Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, Sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the Jew to  
 sup to-night with my new master the christian.

*Lor.* Hold, here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*  
 I will not fail her, speak it privately.  
 Go, gentlemen, will you prepare <sup>3</sup> 'for th' mask to-night?  
 I am provided of a torch-bearer. [Exit *Laun.*

*Sal.* Ay marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

*Sola.* And so will I.

*Lor.*

<sup>2</sup> paper it writ on

<sup>3</sup> for this



*Lor.* Meet me and *Gratiano*

At *Gratiano's* lodging some hour hence.

*Sal.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exit.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair *Jessica*?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heav'n,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew!

Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest,

Fair *Jessica* shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter Shylock and Launcelot.*

*Shy.* WELL, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Bassanio*.

What, *Jessica*?—thou shalt not gormandize

As thou hast done with me—what, *Jessica*!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

Why, *Jessica*! I say.

*Laun.* Why, *Jessica*!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do  
nothing without bidding.

*Enter Jessica.*

*Jes.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, *Jessica*,

There are my keys: but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The

The prodigal christian. *Jessica*, my girl,  
Look to my house, I am right loth to go,  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of mony-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, Sir, go, my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Sby.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspir'd together, I will not say you shall see a mask, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at six a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Sby.* What are these masks? hear you me, *Jessica*,  
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street  
To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my houses ears, I mean my casements,  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go; go you before me, sirrah:  
Say I will come.

*Laun.* 'Sir, I will go before.'  
Mistress, look out at a window for all this,  
There will come a christian by,  
Will be worth a *Jewess's* eye.

[Exit *Laun.*

*Sby.* What says that fool of *Hagar's* off-spring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, farewell, mistress, nothing else.

*Sby.* The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:  
Snail-slow in profit, 'and' he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in,  
Perhaps I will return immediately:

Shut

4 I will go before, Sir.

5 but



*The Merchant of Venice.*

31

Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find,*  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.

*Jes.* Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

[Exit.

---

SCENE VII.

*Enter Gratiano and Salanio in masquerade.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which *Lorenzo* desired us to make a stand.

*Sal.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Sal.* O, ten times faster *Venus'* pidgeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? all things that are,  
Are with more spirit chas'd than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return  
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Sal.* Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;  
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

*Jessica*

*Jessica above in boy's cloaths.*

*Jes.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed;  
For who love I so much? and now who knows  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heav'n and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.  
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves good-sooth are too, too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once——

For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild my self  
With some more ducats, and be with you strait.

*Gra.* Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her self;  
And therefore like her self, wise, fair, and true;  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Re-enter Jessica.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;  
Our masking mates by this time for us stay. [*Ex. with Jes.*

*Enter*



Enter Anthonio.

*Anth.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Anthonio!

*Anth.* Fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a-clock, our friends all stay for you;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

No mask to-night, the wind is come about,

*Bassanio* presently will go aboard.

*Gra.* I'm glad on't, I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

BELMONT.

Enter Portia with Morochius and both their trains.

*Por.* GO, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The sev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.

Now make your choice. [Three caskets are discovered.

*Mor.* The first of gold, which this inscription bears,  
*Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

The second silver, which this promise carries,  
*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

How shall I know if I do chuse the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, Prince,  
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some God direct my judgment! let me see,  
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;

What says this leaden casket?

*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

VOL. II.

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Must

6 No masque to-night; the wind is come about,

*Bassanio* presently will go aboard;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

th Jel.  
Enter

Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,

I'll then not give nor hazard ought for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morocchio*,

And weigh thy value with an even hand;

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of my self.

As much as I deserve?—why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

*Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.

Th' *Hircanian* deserts and the vastie wilds

Of wide *Arabia* are as thorough-fares now,

For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation

To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her searcloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?

O sinful thought, never so rich a gem

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*The Merchant of VENICE.*

35

Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*  
A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;  
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,  
Then I am yours. *[Unlocking the gold casket.]*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here? a carrion death?  
Within whose empty eye there is a scowl:  
I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told;  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold.  
Gilded wood may worms infold:  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscol'd,  
Fare you well, your suit is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeed, and labour lost:  
Then farewell, heat; and welcome, frost:  
*Portia*, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. *[Exit.]*

*Por.* A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go;  
Let all of his complexion chuse me so! *[Exeunt.]*

---

SCENE IX.

VENICE.

*Enter Solarino and Salanio.*

*Sal.* **W**HY, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail,  
With him is *Gratiano* gone along,  
And in their ship I'm sure *Lorenzo* is not.

C. 2

*Sola.*

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*Sola.* The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,  
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

*Sal.* He came too late, the ship was under sail;  
But there the Duke was giv'n to understand  
That in a *Gondola* were seen together  
*Lorenzo* and his am'rous *Jessica*:  
Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke  
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

*Sola.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets;  
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter!  
Fled with a christian? O my christian ducats!  
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!  
And jewels, two stones, rich and precious stones,  
Stol'n by my daughter! justice! find the girl;  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

*Sal.* Why all the Boys in *Venice* follow him,  
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sola.* Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry, well remember'd,  
I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
The *French* and *English*, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught:  
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Sola.* You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part.  
*Bassanio* told him he would make some speed  
Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,  
Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*,  
But stay the very riping of the time;

And



And for the *Jew's* bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love:  
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there.  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wond'rous sensible  
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

*Sola.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness  
With some delight or other.

*Sal.* Do we so. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E X.

B E L M O N T.

*Enter Nerissa with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,  
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his train, Portia. Flor. Cornets. The  
Caskets are discover'd.*

*Por.* Behold there stand the caskets, noble Prince;  
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,  
Strait shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath t' observe three things;  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage:

Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address me; fortune now  
To my heart's hope! gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha, let me see;  
*Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire,*  
What many men desire—that may be meant  
Of the full multitude that chuse by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,  
Which pryes not to th' <sup>7</sup> interior: like the martlet  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Ev'n in the force and road of casualty.  
I will not chuse what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.  
Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house:  
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear:  
*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;*  
And well said too, for who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit? let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity:  
O that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded, that command?  
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned  
From the true seed of honour? how much honour  
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choice,  
*Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:*

<sup>7</sup> interior, but like

A key



'A key for this ; I will assume desert,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

[Unlocking the silver casket.

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it:

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?

*Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire sev'n times tried this,*

*Sev'n times tried that judgment is*

*That did never chuse amiss.*

*Some there be that shadows kiss,*

*Such have but a shadow's bliss:*

*There be fools alive, I wis,*

*Silver'd o'er, and so was this:*

*Take what wife you will to bed,*

*I will ever be your head:*

*So be gone, Sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:

O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving 'go by destiny.

C 4

Por.

8 I will assume desert ; give me a key for this,

9 goes

A key

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*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa*.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here, what would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before  
To signify th' approaching of his lord,  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in *April* never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid  
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:  
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see  
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner. Bassanio*, lord Love! if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

V E N I C E.

*Enter Salanio and Solarino.*

S O L A R I N O.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

*Sal.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that *Anthony* hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many



many a tall ship lye bury'd, as they say, if my gossip *Report* be an honest woman of her word.

*Sola.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio* — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

*Sal.* Come, the full stop.

*Sola.* Ha, what say'st thou? why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Sola.* Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

*Enter Shylock.*

*Shy.* You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

*Sal.* That's certain; I for my part knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Sola.* And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Sola.* Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Sal.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: but tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the *Ryalto*, a beggar that us'd to come to smug upon the mart! let him

him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesie; let him look to his bond.

*Sal.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same 'summer and winter' as a christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by christian example? why, Revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant from Anthonio.*

*Ser.* Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Sal.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter Tubal.*

*Sola.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Solar.*

*Shy.* How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.*

I winter and summer



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*Sky.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone  
cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankfort*! the curse never  
fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now;  
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious  
jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot,  
and the jewels in her ear; O, would she were hers'd  
at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of  
them; why, so! and I know not what spent in the search!  
why then loss upon loss; the thief gone with so much,  
and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no re-  
venge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my  
shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o'  
my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as  
I heard in *Genoua* —

*Sky.* What, what, ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* Hath an *Argosie* cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

*Sky.* I thank God, thank God; is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escap'd the  
wreck.

*Sky.* I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good  
news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one  
night fourscore ducats.

*Sky.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see  
my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore  
ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my  
company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

*Sky.* I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him;  
I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them shew'd me a ring that he had of  
your daughter for a monkey.

*Sky.* Out upon her, thou torturest me, *Tubal*; it was  
my *Turquoise*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor;  
I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

*Sky.* Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, see me an  
officer,

officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

## B E L M O N T.

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants.*  
*The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I Pray you, tarry, pause a day or two  
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong  
I lose your company; forbear a while.  
There's something tells me, but it is not love,  
I would not lose you; and, you know your self,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality.  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;  
So will I never be; so may you miss me,  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half  
Mine own, I would say: but if mine, then yours;  
And so all yours. Alas! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights:  
And so tho' yours, not yours; but prove it so,  
Let fortune go to hell for it, <sup>2</sup> 'not me.'  
I speak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,  
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.*



*Bass.* Let me chuse:

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, *Bassanio*? then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love?

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:  
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess and live.

*Bass.* Confess and love

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then. I am lockt in one of them,  
If you do love me, you will find me out.

*Nerissa*, and the rest, stand all aloof,  
Let musick sound while he doth make his choice;

Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick. That the comparison

May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream

And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musick then? then musick is

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow

To a new crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem

The virgin-tribute paid by howling *Troy*

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,

With bleared visages come forth to view

The issue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules*,

Live

Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[Musick within.]

*A Song whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

[Reply.]

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lyes:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell.  
I'll begin it.  
Ding, dong, bell.  
All, Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:  
The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament.  
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? in religion  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;  
Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk?  
And these assume but a valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:

So

(a) *That is*, a beard.

3 How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

So ar  
Whic  
Upo  
To b  
The  
Thus  
To a  
Veili  
The  
T' er  
Hard  
Nor  
'Twe  
Whi  
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7 'Be  
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Shou  
The  
A go  
Faste  
How  
Meth

(b)  
5 b  
6 p  
7 C



So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull, that bred them, in the sepulcher.  
Thus Ornament is but the gilded shore  
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an *Indian* b s 'dowdy;' in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
T' entrap the wisest. Then, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,  
Which rather threatnest than dost promise ought;  
Thy <sup>6</sup> 'plainness' moves me more than eloquence,  
And here chuse I, joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,  
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.  
<sup>7</sup> 'Be moderate, love!' allay thy ecstasie;  
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,  
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
For fear I surfeit. [Opening the leaden casket.

*Bass.* <sup>8</sup> 'What do I find here?'  
Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what Demy-god  
Hath come so near creation? move these eyes?  
Or whether riding on the balls of mine  
Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips  
Parted with sugar'd breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her <sup>9</sup> 'hair'  
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have pow'r to steal both his,

And

(b) The word dowdy is used again in *Rom.* and *Jul.*

<sup>5</sup> beauty; . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

<sup>6</sup> paleness . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

<sup>7</sup> O love be moderate!

<sup>8</sup> What find I here?

<sup>9</sup> hairs

And leave it self a unfurnish'd : yet how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprising it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scrowl,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,  
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true!  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content, and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleas'd with this,  
 And hold your fortune for your blifs,  
 Turn you where your lady is,  
 And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle scrowl ; fair lady, by your leave, [*Kissing her.*  
 I come by note to give, and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes ;  
 Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
 So (thrice fair lady) stand I, even so,  
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You see, my lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,  
 Such as I am ; tho' for my self alone,  
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
 To wish my self much better ; yet for you,  
 I would be trebled twenty times my self,  
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
 More rich, that, to stand high in your account,  
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn ; more happy then in this,

She

(a) *That is, not furnish'd with another eye :*



She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits it self to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her King:  
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted. I but now was Lady  
Of this fair mansion, mistress of my servants,  
Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same my self  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,  
Which when you part from, lose or give away,  
Let it preface the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy  
Express, and not express. But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry good joy; good joy, my lord and lady!

*Gra.* My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For I am sure you can wish none from a me:  
And when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you  
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

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You

(a) *That is*, distinct from me and my wishes.

She

You lov'd; I lov'd; for intermission  
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there,  
 And so did mine too as the matter falls :  
 For wooing here until I sweat again,  
 And swearing 'till my very roof was dry  
 With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,  
 I got a promise of this fair one here  
 To have her love, provided that your fortune  
 Atchiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, *Nerissa*?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.  
 But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?  
 What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio*?

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.*

*Bass.* *Lorenzo* and *Salanio*, welcome hither,  
 If that the youth of my new interest here  
 Have pow'r to bid you welcome. By your leave,  
 I bid my very friends and country-men  
 (Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour: for my part, my lord,  
 My purpose was not to have seen you here,  
 But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,  
 He did intreat me, past all saying nay,  
 To come with him along.

*Sal.*



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*Sal.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for't; Signior *Anthony*  
Commends him to you. [*Gives him a letter.*

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind:  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will shew you his estate.

*Bassanio opens the letter.*

*Gra. Nerissa*, cheer yond stranger. Bid her welcome.  
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice*?  
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthony*?  
I know he will be glad of our success:

We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

*Sal.* Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,  
That steal the colour from *Bassanio's* cheek:  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!  
With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,  
And I must have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet *Portia*!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,  
Rating my self at nothing you shall see  
How much I was a braggart: when I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,  
That I was worse than nothing. For indeed  
I have engag'd my self to a dear friend;  
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,

The paper is the body of my friend,  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio*?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit  
 From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,  
 From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*?  
 And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Sal.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present mony to discharge the *Jew*,  
 He would not take it. Never did I know  
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,  
 The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes  
 Of greatest port have all persuaded with him,  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,  
 To *Tubal* and to *Cbus* his country-men,  
 That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit  
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
 The ancient *Roman* honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

*Por.* What sum owes he the *Jew*?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double



Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through my *Bassanio's* fault.  
First go with me to church, and call me wife,  
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:  
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
My maid *Nerissa* and my self mean time  
Will live as maids and widows; come away,  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.<sup>a</sup>  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* reads. **S**weet *Bassanio*, my ships have all miscarry'd,  
my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very  
low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it  
it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between  
you and me, if I might but see you at my death; notwith-  
standing use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you  
to come, let not my letter.

*Por.* O love! dispatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste; but 'till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

(a) — your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
But let me hear, &c.



## S C E N E IV.

## V E N I C E.

*Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, and the Goaler.*

*Sby.* **G**oaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.  
This is the fool that lent out money *gratis*.

Goaler, look to him.

*Anth.* Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

*Sby.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:  
I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;  
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,  
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Anth.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Sby.* I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield  
To christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

*Sola.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Anth.* Let him alone,  
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Sola.* I am sure the Duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Anth.* The Duke cannot deny the course of law;  
For the commodity that strangers have

With



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With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state,  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go,  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Bassanio* come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

BELMONT.

*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.*

Lor. **M**Adam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of God-like amity, which appears strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief to,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,  
And shall not now; for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think that this *Antonio*,  
Being the bosom-lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!

D 4

This

This comes too near the praising of my self;  
 Therefore no more of it: 'hear other things;  
*Lorenzo*, I commit<sup>1</sup> into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return. For mine own part,  
 I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by *Nerissa* here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return.  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you  
 Not to deny this imposition,  
 The which my love and some necessity  
 Now <sup>2</sup> 'lay' upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*  
 In place of lord *Bassanio* and my self.  
 So fare you well 'till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.

[*Exe. Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, *Balthazar*,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still: take this same letter,  
 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,  
 In speed to <sup>3</sup> 'Padua'; see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor *Bellarion*,  
 And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
 Unto the Traject, to the common ferry  
 Which trades to *Venice*: waste no time in words,

<sup>1</sup> here other things,

*Lorenzo*, I commit . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>2</sup> lays

<sup>3</sup> Mantua; . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

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But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both apparell'd like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd,  
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;  
That men shall swear I've discontinued school  
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,  
Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the sins of the father  
are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise  
you,

you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard-hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard-hope indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you shun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a christian.

*Laun.* Truly the more to blame he; we were christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasber on the coals for money.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you say: here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, because I am a *Jew's* daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for in converting *Jews* to christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

*Laun.* It is much that the *Moor* should be more than reason:

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reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed *more* than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon <sup>4</sup>'a' word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, firrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Good lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, Sir?

*Laun.* Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Laun.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie word  
Desie the matter: how far'st thou, *Jessica*?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord *Bassanio*'s wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: it is very meet  
The lord *Bassanio* live an upright life.  
For having such a Blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:  
And if on earth he do not merit it,  
In reason he should never come to heav'n.  
Why, if two Gods should play some heav'nly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And

And *Portia* one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon: first let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

### V E N I C E.

*Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio,  
and Gratiano.*

#### D U K E.

**W**HAT, is *Anthonio* here?

*Antb.* Ready, so please your Grace.

*Duke.* I'm sorry for thee, thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Antb.* I have heard  
Your Grace has ta'en great pains to qualifie  
His rig'rous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietness of spirit  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.*



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*Duke.* Go one, and call the *Jew* into the court.

*Sal.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter Shylock.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.

*Shylock,* the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesie.

We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,  
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me why I rather chuse to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that.

But say, it is my humour; is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it bane'd? what, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

*Can-*

Cannot contain their urine for affection. a  
 Masterless passion sways 'us' to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer :  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,  
 Why he a harmless necessary cat,  
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force  
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
 As to offend, himself being offended ;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
 I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Sby.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

*Sby.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

*Bass.* Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first. [twice?]

*Sby.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee

*Anth.* I pray you, think you question with a *Jew*.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf,  
 'When you behold' the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make 'a' noise  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n ;  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
 His *Jewish* heart. Therefore I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
 But with all brief and plain conveniency  
 Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Sby.* If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats

(a) *That is*, they are so affected with it.

5 it

6 Why he hath made

7 no



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Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

*Sby.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish part,  
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him

Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law,

There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:

I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,

Unless *Bellario*, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for to determine this,

Come here to-day.

*Sal.* My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,

New come from *Padua*.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters, call the messengers.

*Bass.* Good cheer, *Antonio*; what, man, courage yet:

The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Anth.* I am a tainted weather of the flock,

Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

You cannot better be employ'd, *Bassanio*,

Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Nerissa dress'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

**Duke.** Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

**Ner.** From both, my lord: Bellario greets your Grace.

**Bass.** Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*[The Jew whetting his knife on the sole of his shoe.]*

**Sby.** To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

**Gra.** Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; for no metal can,  
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

**Sby.** No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

**Gra.** O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,  
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd it self in thee: for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

**Sby.** 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To 'careless' ruin. I stand here for law.

**Duke.** This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court,  
Where is he?

**Ner.** He attendeth here hard by  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

**Duke.** With all my heart. Some three or four of you  
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:  
Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter,

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**Y**our Grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his Name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation: For I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose tryal shall better publish his commendation.

*Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

**Duke.** You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes,  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come:  
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

**Por.** I did, my lord.

**Duke.** You're welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

**Por.** I am informed thoroughly of the case,  
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

**Duke.** Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

**Por.** Is your name Shylock?

**Shy.** Shylock is my name.

**Por.** Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.  
You stand within his danger, do you not?

*[To Anth.]*

**Anth.** Ay, so he says.

**Por.** Do you confess the bond?

**Anth.** I do.

**Por.** Then must the Jew be merciful.

VOL. II.

**E**

**Shy.**

*Sby.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,  
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthron'd in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, *Jew*,  
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,  
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of *Venice*  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Sby.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the mony?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,  
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority.  
To do a great right, do a little wrong;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*  
Can alter a decree established.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,

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And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

*Sby.* A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Sby.* Here 'tis, most rev'rend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* *Sbylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Sby.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heav'n.  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for *Venice*.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,

Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

*Sby.* When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law; your exposition

Hath been most found. I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,

There is no pow'r in the tongue of man

To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

*Antb.* Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Sby.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Sby.* 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Sby.* Ay, his breast;

So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?

And

*Sby.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, *Sbylock*, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

*Sby.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Sby.* I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Antb.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, *Bassanio*, fare you well.

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:

For herein fortune shews her self more kind

Than is her custom. It is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty. From which ling'ring penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;

Tell her the process of *Antbonio's* end;

Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* *Antbonio*, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life it self;

But life it self, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Intreat some pow'r to change this curriish *Jew*.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,

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The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Sky.* These be the christian husbands. I've a daughter;  
Would any of the stock of *Barrabas*  
Had been her husband, rather than a christian! [*Aside.*  
We trifle time, I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Sky.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Sky.* Most learned judge! a sentence: come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little, there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But in the cutting it if thou dost shed  
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are by the laws of *Venice* confiscate  
Unto the state of *Venice*.

*Gra.* O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!

*Sky.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thy self shalt see the act:  
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge! mark, *Jew*; a learned judge!

*Sky.* I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,  
And let the christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* The *Jew* shall have all justice; soft! no haste;  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O *Jew*! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;  
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn

But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew*!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.

*Sby.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have meerly justice and his bond.

*Gra.* A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*!  
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

*Sby.* Shall I not barely have my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.

*Sby.* Why then the devil give him good of it;  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, *Jew*,

The law hath yet another hold on you:

It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize on half his goods, the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice:

In which predicament I say thou stand'st.

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formally by me rehears'd.

Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thy self;  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.*

*Duke.*  
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*The Merchant of Venice.*

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*Duke.* That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:  
For half thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for *Antonio*.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

*Gra.* A halter gratis, nothing else for God's sake.

*Anth.* So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine, 'from' one half of his goods,  
I am content; so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it  
'Until' his death unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter.  
Two things provided more, that for this favour  
He presently become a christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, *Jew*? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christ'ning thou shalt have two godfathers.  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shy.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your 'Grace's pardon';

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2 Grace of pardon;

I must away this night toward *Padua*,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.

*Antonio*, gratify this gentleman;

For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof  
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Antb.* And stand indebted over and above  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfy'd;  
And I deliv'ring you am satisfy'd,  
And therein do account my self well paid;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary,  
I pray you, know me when we meet again,  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you further.  
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,  
And for your love I'll take this ring from you.  
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;  
I will not shame my self to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this,  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more <sup>3</sup> on this depends than is the value.  
The dearest ring in *Venice* will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation;

<sup>3</sup> depends on this

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Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;  
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife;  
And when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;  
And if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,  
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit, with Nerissa.]

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.  
Let his deservings and my love withal  
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto *Anthony's* house: away, make haste. [Exit Gra.]  
Come, you and I will thither presently,  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthony*.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreat  
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,  
I pray you, shew my Youth old *Shylock's* house.

Gra.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To Portia,  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever. [ing

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swear-  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll out-face them and out-swear them too.  
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good Sir, will you shew me to this house?

[Exeunt.



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

### BELMONT.

*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

*LORENZO.*

**T**HE moon shines bright: In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night  
*Troilus*, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents,  
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew,  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and 'waft' her love  
To come again to *Carthage*.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
*Medea* gather'd the enchanted herbs

That



That did renew old *Æson*.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy *Jew*,  
And with an unthrifst love did run from *Venice*,  
As far as *Belmont*.

*Jesf.* And in such a night,  
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrew)  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jesf.* I would out-night you, did no body come:  
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Mesf.* A friend.

*Lor.* What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

*Mesf.* *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at *Belmont*: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Mesf.* None but a holy hermit and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:  
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jessica*,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter Launcelot.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master *Lorenzo* and mistress  
*Lorenza*? sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollowing, man: here.

*Laun.*

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

*Lor.* Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter: why should we go in? My friend *Stephano*, signifie, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand, And bring your musick forth into the air. [*Ex. Messenger.* How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick Creep in our ears; soft stilness, and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, *Jessica*; look how the floor of heav'n Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims; Such harmony is in immortal souls! But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it. Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn, With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear, And draw her home with musick.

*Jes.* I'm never merry when I hear sweet musick.

*Musick.*

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive; For do but note a wild and wanton herd, Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud, (Which is the hot condition of their blood) If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound, Or any air of musick touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand; Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze By the sweet power of musick. Thus the Poet

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Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But musick for the time doth change his nature,  
 The man that hath no musick in himself,  
 And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as *Erebus*:  
 Let no such man be trusted — Mark the musick.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall:  
 How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less;  
 A substitute shines brightly as a King  
 Until a King be by; and then his state  
 Empties it self, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters. Musick, hark! [*Musick.*]

*Ner.* It is the musick, Madam, of your house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows the virtue on it, Madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
 When neither is attended; and, I think,  
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 No better a musician than the wren.  
 How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise and true perfection!  
 Peace! how the moon sleeps with *Endimion*,  
 And would not be awak'd!

*Musick ceases.*

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
 Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

*Por.* He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckow,  
 By the bad voice. *Lor.*

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' healths,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go, *Nerissa*,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;  
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jessica*, nor you.

*A tucket sounds.*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;  
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be *Bassanio* so from me;  
But God sort all! you're welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my friend;  
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him;  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Anth.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house;  
It must appear in other ways than words;  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

*Gra.* By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;  
In faith I gave it to the Judge's clerk. [*To Nerissa.*]  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

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Since you do take it, love, so much at heart!

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,  
That she did give me, whose poesie was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the poesie or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,  
And that it should lye with you in your grave:  
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective, and have kept it.  
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,  
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the Judge's clerk,  
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee:  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands,  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth.

That the world masters. Now in faith, *Gratiano*,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My lord *Bassanio* gave his ring away  
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And

And neither man nor master would take ought  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours 'till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to retain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

*Nerissa* teaches me what to believe;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesie;  
My honour would not let ingratitude



So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,  
And by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd  
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house,  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me:  
I will become as liberal as you,  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.  
Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus*:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so; let me not take him then;  
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Anth.* I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels. [*ing.*

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.

And in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see my self —

*Por.* Mark you but that!

In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself,  
In each eye one; swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit!

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Anth.* I once did lend my body for his wealth,  
Which but for him that had your husband's ring

[*To Portia.*

Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety; give him this,  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Antb.* Here, lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heav'n it is the same I gave the doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, *Bassanio*;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-ways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:  
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly; you are all amaz'd;  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellarion*:

There you shall find that *Portia* was the doctor,  
*Nerissa* there, her clerk. *Lorenzo* here

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,  
And even but now return'd: I have not yet  
Enter'd my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome,

And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,  
There you shall find, three of your Argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Antb.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;  
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.

*Antb.* Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, *Lorenzo*?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.*



*The Merchant of V E N I C E.*

83

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.  
There do I give to you and *Jessica*,  
From the rich *Jew*, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfy'd  
Of these events at full. Let us go in,  
And charge us there on interrogatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so : the first interrogatory,  
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether 'till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day.  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
'Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring. [ *Exeunt omnes.*



The Affair of V. M. R. C.

My Ay, and I'll give them their money a lot  
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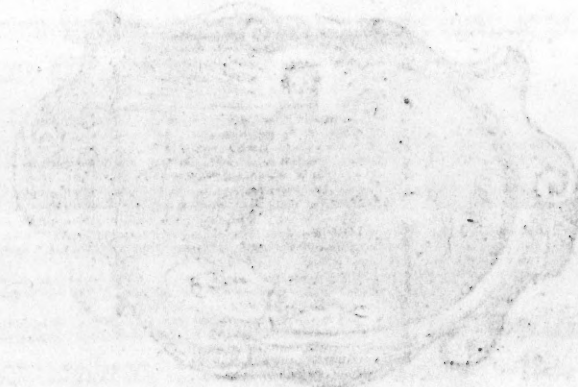
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LOVE'S Labour's Lost,

A

COMEDY.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,  
Longaville, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Dumain,  
Boyet, } *Lords attending upon the Princess of France.*  
Macard,

*Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.*

*Nathaniel, a Curate.*

*Dull, a Constable.*

*Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.*

*Costard, a Clown.*

*Moth, Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

*Princess of France.*

Rosaline,  
Maria, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*  
Catharine,  
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

*Officers and other Attendants upon the King and Princess.*

SCENE *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE





# LOVE's LABOUR's Lost.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville and Dumain.*

K I N G.



ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live registred upon our brazen tombs; <sup>b</sup>  
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's  
And make us heirs of all eternity. [keen edge;

Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;  
*Navarre* shall be the wonder of the world,  
Our court shall be a little academy,  
Still and contemplative in living arts.

You three, *Biron, Dumain and Longaville*,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here.

F 4

Your

(a) *In this Play are to be perceived several strokes of Shakespear's pen, but the whole ought by no means to pass for the work of it.*

(b) ----- brazen tombs;

And then grace us in the disgrace of death:  
When, spight of &c.

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:  
The mind shall banquet, tho' the body pine;  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,  
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years:  
But there are other strict observances;  
As, not to see a woman in that term,  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
And one day in a week to touch no food,  
And but one meal on every day beside;  
The which I hope is not enrolled there.  
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day;  
When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day;  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your oath is past to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;  
I only swore to study with your Grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, *Biron*, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.  
What is the end of study? let me know. [know.

*King.* Why, that to know which else we should not

*Biron.*



*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompence. [sense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know;  
As thus; to study where I well may dine,  
When I to fast expressly am 'fore-bid;  
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid:  
Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be this, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;  
As, painfully to pore upon a book.

To seek the light of truth, while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;  
So ere you find where light in darkness lyes,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,  
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

*King.*

1 forbid; . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*Long.* *Biron* is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in *May's* new-fangled <sup>2</sup> 'earth':

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house t'unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, fit you out. Go home, *Biron*: Adieu.

*Biron.* No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay with you.  
And though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same,

And to the strict<sup>st</sup> decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

*Biron.* Item, That no woman shall come within a mile  
of my court. [reading.]

Hath this been proclaimed?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue:

Who devis'd this penalty? [reading.]

*Long.* Marry that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.*

<sup>2</sup> shows: . . . old edit. Theob. emend.



*Biron.* <sup>3</sup> A dangerous law against gentility!

*Item,* [reading.] If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise. This article, my liege, your self must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy  
The *French* King's daughter, with your self to speak,  
A maid of grace and compleat majesty,  
About surrender up of *Aquitain*

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:  
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot,  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should:  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispence with this decree,  
She must lye here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:  
For every man with his affects is born:

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

*I am forsworn on meer necessity.*

So to the laws at large I write my name,

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is; our court you know is haunted

With a refined traveller of *Spain*,

A man in all the world's new fashions planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One

<sup>3</sup> This line in the *old edit.* was spoke by *Long.* *Theob. emend.*

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony :  
A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a Knight  
From tawny *Spain* lost in the world's debate ;

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrellie.

*Biron.* *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,  
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

*Long.* *Costard* the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;  
And so to study, three years are but short.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.*

*Dull.* Which is the King's own person ?

*Biron.* This, fellow ; what wouldst ?

*Dull.* I my self reprehend his own person, for I am  
his Grace's Tharborough : but I would see his own per-  
son in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's  
villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for  
high words:

*Long.* A high hope for a low <sup>4</sup> 'having ;' God grant us  
patience!

*Biron.* To hear, or forbear hearing ?

*Long.* To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or  
to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, Sir, be it as the stile shall give us <sup>5</sup> 'cause.'

<sup>4</sup> heaven; . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>5</sup> cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.*

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*Biron.*

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*Cost.* The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the Manor.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner, and form, following, Sir; all those three. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: It is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form, in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, Sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear the letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* **G**reat deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole do-  
reads. *minator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and  
body's fostering patron—*

*Cost.* Not a word of *Costard* yet.

*King.* So it is—

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in  
telling true, 'but so, so.'

*King.* Peace—

*Cost.* Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words—

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is. *Besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy,  
I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most whole-  
some physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentle-  
man, betook my self to walk: The time when? about the  
sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men  
sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much  
for the time when. Now for the ground which: which, I  
mean, I walkt upon; it is cyleped, thy park. Then for the place  
where*

6 but so.

where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, behold-est, surveyest, er seest. But to the place where; It standeth north north east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,——

Cost. Me.

King. That unletter'd small-knowing soul,——

Cost. Me.

King. That shallow vassal,——

Cost. Still me.

King. Which, as I remember, bight Costard,——

Cost. O me!

King. Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with——with——O with——but with this I passion to say where with:

Cost. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet grace's officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, firrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

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*King.* It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er,

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [*Exeunt.*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

*Sirrah*, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenotta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl: and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then sit thee down, tomorrow.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

#### *Armado's House.*

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

*Arm.* **BOY**, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.*

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

*Moth.* No, no, O lord Sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

*Arm.* Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

*Moth.* Why tender *Juvenile*? why tender *Juvenile*?

*Arm.* I spoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious.

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou hear'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answer'd, Sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crost.

*Moth.* He <sup>7</sup> speaks contrary, <sup>^</sup> crosses <sup>a</sup> love not him.

[*Aside.*

*Arm.* I have promis'd to study three years with the King.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, Sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is once thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester.

(a) Meaning, Money.

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*Arm.* I confess both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

*Moth.* Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure.

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. [*Aside.*

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd curt'sie. I think it scorn to sigh, methinks I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* *Hercules*, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet *Hercules*! More authority, dear boy, name more: and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* *Sampson*, master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit *Sampson*, strong-jointed *Sampson*! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampson's* love, my dear *Moth*?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complection?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complection?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, Sir.

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G

*Arm.*

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complections?

*Moth.* As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown;

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?

*Moth.* The world was guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the irrational hind *Costard*; she deserves well—

*Moth.* To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than master deserves.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.



*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear, 'till this company be past.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Costard, Dull, and Jaquenetta.*

*Dull.* Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray my self with blushing: maid.

*Jaqu.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaqu.* That's here by.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaqu.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaqu.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaqu.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaqu.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, *Jaquenetta*, away. [*Exeunt.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offence ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, Sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain, shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave, away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be fast being loose.

*Moth.* No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exit Moth with Costard.*]

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal God of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn 'sonneteer.' De-vise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

9 sonnet.



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A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Before the King of Navarre's palace.*

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,  
Boyet, Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

Consider whom the King your father sends;

To whom he sends, and what's his embassy.

Your self, held precious in the world's esteem,

To parley with the sole inheritor

Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless *Navarre*; the plea of no less weight

Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,

As nature was in making graces dear,

When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,

Than you are willing to be counted wise,

Spending thus your wit in praise of mine.

But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame

Both noise abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,

Will painful study shall out-wear three years,

No woman may approach his silent court;

Therefore to us seems it a needful course,

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A C T

Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
 As our best moving fair solicitor.  
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,  
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.  
 Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,  
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so;  
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

*Lord.* *Longaville* is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Lord.* I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,  
 Between lord *Perigot* and the beauteous heir  
 Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

*Mar.* In *Normandy* saw I this *Longaville*,  
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,  
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
 The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 It should spare none that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry-mocking lord belike; is't so?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.  
 Who are the rest?

*Catb.* The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplish'd youth  
 Of all, that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.

*Mar.* Most powerful to do harm, least knowing ill;  
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
 And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.

<sup>2</sup> *Mar.*

<sup>3</sup> Most power to do most harm,

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*Enter*

*King.*



I saw him at the Duke *Alanxons* once,  
And much too little of that good I saw  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;  
*Biron* they call him: but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies, are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*Mar.* Here comes *Boyet*.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;  
And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all addrest to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes *Navarre*.

S C E N E II.

*Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair Princess, welcome to th' court of *Navarre*.

*Prin.* Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord, he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break its will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord;

\* 'Not' sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question?

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time a day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none!

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

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*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but th' one half of an intire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say that he, or we, as neither have,  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety<sup>5</sup> of which,  
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,  
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,  
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty:  
But that it seems he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands,  
<sup>6</sup> 'On' payment of an hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;  
Which we much rather had depart withal,  
And have the mony by our father lent,  
Than *Aquitain* so gelded as it is.  
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far  
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to *France* again.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseeming to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;  
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:

*Boyet*, you can produce acquittances  
For such a sum, from special officers  
Of *Charles* his father.

*King.* Satisfie me so.

*Boyet.*

5 of the which,

6 One . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound :  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me ; at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto :  
Mean time receive such welcome at my hand,  
As honour without breach of honour may  
Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.  
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates,  
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my heart,  
Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house :  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell ;  
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires comfort your Grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place. [*Exit.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* I pray you, do my commendations ;  
I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan. [*Exit.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word : what lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady ; Mounseur, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Long.* I beseech you, a word : what is she in white? *Boyet.*

(a) ——— heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the \* fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physick says ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No poynt, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving.

*Dum.* Sir, &c.

\* *Soul.*

(b) ——— she in white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

(c) ———  
*Prin.*



*Boyet.* She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*. a

*Long.* She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, Sir, that may be. b

If my observation (which very seldom lies)  
Of the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected. c

*Ros.*

*Long.* Perchance light in the light : I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for her self ; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, Sir, whose daughter ?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard !

*Boyet.* Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an, &c.

(a) — *Faulconbridge*.

*Long.* Nay, my choller is ended :  
She is, &c.

(b) — that may be.

*Biron.* What's her name in the cap ?

*Boyet.* *Catharine* by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded or no ?

*Boyet.* To her will, Sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, Sir : adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you.

*Mar.* That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord ;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep (sweet lamb) unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture ; shall that finish the jest ?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom ?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling ; but gentles agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd

On *Navarre* and his book-men ; for here 'tis abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my, &c.

(c) — is infected.

*Prin.* With what ?

*Boyet.*

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Mar.* He is *Cupid's* grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches? [but grim,

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then? do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

### The PARK.

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

### SONG.

ARMADO.

**W**Arble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.  
*Moth.* Concolinel — [Singing.

*Arm.* Sweet air! go, tenderness of years; take  
this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festi-  
nately

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers intitle affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why all his behaviours did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart like an agat with your print impressed;  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
His tongue all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in chrystal for some Prince to buy;  
Who tending their own worth from whence they were glast,  
Did point out to buy them, along as you past.

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nately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a *French*

*Arm.* How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*? [brawl?

*Moth.* No, my compleat master, but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note, sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are 'complishments,' these are humours, these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make them men of note, (do you note 'me?') that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

*Moth.* By my 'penny' of observation.

*Arm.* But O, but O —

*Moth.* The hobby-horse is forgot. a

*Arm.* Call'st thou my 'love a hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.*

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,

And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion, *Boyet* is dispos'd

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd ;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art, &c.

(a) *The burthen of an old song.*

7 complements,

8 men?

9 pen

1 love hobby-horse?

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be embassador for an ass. [Aside]

*Arm.* Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

*Moth.* Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gated: but I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, Sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

*Moth.* Minima, honest master, or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, Sir, to say so.

Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoak of rhetorick!

He reposes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I fly. [Exit]

*Arm.* A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

SCEN



SCENE II.

Enter Moth and Costard. a

I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this; bear this signi-

(a) — and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy *Penvoy* begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*, no salve, in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, or salve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By virtue, thou inforcest laughter, thy silly thought, my spleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me; my stars! doth the inconsiderate take salve for *Penvoy*, and the word *Penvoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other, is not *Penvoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *Penvoy*.

Moth. I will add the *Penvoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain; a goose, that's flat;

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see a fat *Penvoy*; I, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;

How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for a *Penvoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantan;

Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought,

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,

will speak that *Penvoy*.

significant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. — [Exit.]

*Moth*. Like the sequel, I, Signior *Costard*, adieu! [Exit.]

*Cost*. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my 'ink-horn, adieu! now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration: What's the price of this inkle? a penny: 'No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than a French-crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Biron.*

*Biron*. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

*Cost*. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron*. What is a remuneration?

*Cost*. Marry, Sir, half-penny-farthing.

*Biron*. O, why then three farthings worth of silk.

*Cost*. I thank your worship; God be with you!

*Biron*. O stay, slave, I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm*. We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost*. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm*. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

*Cost*. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Penury*, for goose in this.

*Arm*. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty. Enfranchising thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost*. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and me loose,

I give, &c.

2 in-cony Jew!

3. No. I'll give you a remuneration: Why? It carries its remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French-crown.

... old edit. Theob. eme

Do one

*Cost*.

*Biron*.

*Cost*.

*Biron*.

*Cost*.

*Biron*.

*Cost*.

*Biron*.

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VOL. II

4 a humor

6 Signior J



Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, Sir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

*Cost.* Guerdon, O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, — remuneration. —

[Exit.]

*Biron.* O! and I,

Forsooth, in love! I that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to 'an amorous' sigh;

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal more magnificent.

This 'whimp'ring, 'whining, purblind wayward boy,

This 'senior-junior, 'giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed Sov'reign of sighs and groans:

Liege of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:

Imperial emperor, and great general

Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)

And I to be a corporal of his file,

And wear his colours, like a tumbler's hoop!

VOL. II.

H

What!

4 a humorous

5 whimp'd.

6 Signior Junio's, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

What! I love! ? I sue! what? I seek a wife!  
 A woman, that is like a *German* clock,  
 Still a repairing, ever out of frame,  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right.  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:  
 And among three, to love the worst of all!  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes,  
 Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,  
 Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! go to: it is a plague  
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:  
 Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan*. [Exit.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Lords  
 Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard  
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not, but I think it was not he.

*Prin.* Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind  
 Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch,  
 On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush  
 That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

? I sue! I seek

*For.*  
*A stand*

*Boyet.*

(a) —  
*Prin.*

And there

*For. Pa*

*Prin.*

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*For. Y*

*Prin.*

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*Prin. O*

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b) — co

*Cost. Go*

*Prin. Th*

*Cost. Wh*

*Prin. T*

*Cost. Th*



# LOVE'S Labour's lost.

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*For.* Hard by, upon the edge of yonder coppice,  
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot. *a*

*Enter Costard.*

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth. *b*

*Cost.*

(a) — the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, Madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, then again say no?  
O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack for wo!

*For.* Yes, Madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now,  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresie in fair, fit for these days,

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question, so it is sometimes,

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise, and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues her lord.

*Enter Costard.*

(b) — common-wealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all, pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest?

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth,

H 2

An

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur *Biron*, to one lady *Rosaline*.

*Prin.* O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine. Stand aside, good bearer. *Boyet*, you can carve, Break up this capon. <sup>a</sup>

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet reads.*

**B**Y heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it self, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it self; have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one, saw, two, overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. <sup>8</sup> Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the comparifon) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowlinefs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall

An your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One a these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.  
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have, &c.

(a) Meaning the letter, as poulet in French signifies both a chicken and a love-letter. . . Theobald. 8 who

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*Cost.* F

To a lady

*Prin.* T

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*Boyet.* Wh

*Ros.* Shall

*Boyet.* Ay

monarcho,



# LOVE'S Labour's lost.

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I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love?  
I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for  
tittles? titles; for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy  
reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy  
picture, and my heart on thy every part.

*Thine in the dearest design of industry,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den. [letter?

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

*Boyet.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court,  
A phantasmie, a 'mammuccio,' and one that makes sport  
To the Prince and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you, my lord.

*Prin.* To whom should'st thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of *France* that he call'd *Rosaline*.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.  
Here, sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt.*

H 3

S C E N E

— another day.

*Boyet.* Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

monarcho,

*Ros.*

## SCENE II.

[Shoot within.]

*Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Nathaniel.*

*Nath.* **V**ERY reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was (as you know) *sanguis* in blood, ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on.

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your Deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by horns, your self; come not near. Finely put on indeed.

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she her self is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it,

*Ros.* Thou can't not hit it, hit it, hit it. Thou can't not hit it, my good man.

*Boyet.* I cannot, cannot, cannot.

An I cannot, another can.

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant, how both did fit it. [Exit. Ros.]

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark, O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my lady. Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o'th' bow hand, i'faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit,

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ear of *Cæle* the sky, the welkin, the heav'n, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the foil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, *baud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *baud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation; yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *baud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *baud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not ear paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

For those parts which we taste and 'feel do fructifie in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

H 4

But

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

*Armado* o'th' one side, O, a most dainty man.

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear:

And his page o't'other side, that handful of wit,

Ah, heavens! it is a most pathological nit.

Sowla, Sowla!

! feel, *ingradare* that do fructify

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old father's mind,  
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,  
What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five  
weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* *Dietyнна*, good-man *Dull*; *Dietyнна*, good-man  
*Dull*.

*Dull.* What is *Dietyнна*?

*Nath.* A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when *Adam* was no  
more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to fivescore.  
Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed, the collusion holds in the ex-  
change.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion  
holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange;  
for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside,  
that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epi-  
taph on the death of the deer? and to humour the igno-  
rant, I have call'd the deer the Princess kill'd, a  
pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it  
shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter, for it argues  
facility.

*The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt*

*A pretty pleasing pricket.*

*Some say a sore, but not a sore,*

*'Till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell, put L to sore,*

*Then sorel jump't from thicket;*

*Or pricket-sore, or else sorel,*

*The people fall a booting.*

*Nath.*  
*Dull.*

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*Hol.* Of

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*Jaq.* G



# LOVE'S Labour's lost.

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*If sore be sore, then L to sore,  
Makes fifty sores, O sorel!  
Of one sore I an hundred make,  
By adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master parson. a Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from Don *Armatbo*. I beseech you, read it. [*Nathaniel reads to himself.*

*Hol.*

(a) —master parson.

*Hol.* Master parson, *quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hog'shead, a good cluster of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master, &c.

<sup>2</sup> 'Hol. *Fauste precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ ruminat*, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan, <sup>a</sup> I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice; <sup>3</sup> 'Venegia, Venegia! *qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia*. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *ut re sol la mi fa*. Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his — What! my soul! verses!

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned. [mine.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; Lege, Do-

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers  
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;  
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice,  
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder;  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;  
Thy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful  
thunder;

Which not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong.

That <sup>4</sup> 'sings the heaven's' praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

Hol.

(a) He means Baptista Spagnolus, surnamed Mantuanus from the place of his birth, a Writer of Poems who lived towards the end of the fifteenth Century. . . . Theobald.

<sup>2</sup> This speech given to Nath. in all the old editions.

. . . Theob. emend.

<sup>3</sup> *Venechi, Venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.*

. . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>4</sup> sings heaven's



*Hol.* You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the *canzonet*.<sup>5</sup> Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *'imitari'* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tir'd horse his rider: but, *Damosella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, one of the strange Queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline*. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the person written unto.

*Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.*

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally or by the way of progression hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; stay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good *Costard*, go with me, Sir, God save your life.

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father saith —

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake

<sup>5</sup> cangenet. . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>6</sup> The rest of this speech is given to *Nath.* in all the old editions. . . . *Theob. emend.*

<sup>7</sup> imitary . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

dertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit or invention. I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it, Sir, [*To Dull.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Biron with a paper in his hand, alone.*

*Biron.* The King is hunting the deer, I am coursing my self. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling <sup>8</sup> in pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word: well, sit thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, <sup>a</sup> and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me; I a sheep, well prov'd again on my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*He stands aside.*]

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Biron.* Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.

(a) See p. 95.

<sup>8</sup> in a pitch;

*King.*

9 ear!



*King.* So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not [*Reading:*  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;  
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will shew;  
But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.  
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?  
[*The King steps aside.*

*Enter Longaville.*

What! *Longaville!* and reading! listen, 'ears!

*Biron.* Now in thy likeness one more fool appears.

*Long.* Ay me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers.

*King.* In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Biron.* I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know,

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the three-corner-cap of society,  
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:  
Disfigure not his 'slop.'

*Long.*

*King.* 'ear!

*a shop. . . . old edit. Theob. amend.*

Long. This same shall go. [He reads the sonnet.  
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Perfwade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment:

A woman I forswore, but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heav'nly love:

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is;

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity:  
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. [way.  
God amend us, God <sup>2</sup> amend us, we are much out o'th'

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this! (company?) stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;

Like a Demy-god, here fit I in the sky:

And wretched fools secrets heedfully o'er-eye:

More sacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wish,

<sup>3</sup> 'Dumain is transform'd; four woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [Aside

Dum. <sup>4</sup> 'Thou' heav'n! the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is <sup>5</sup> but corporal, there you lie [Aside

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [Aside

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop I say,

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside

<sup>2</sup> amend, we

<sup>3</sup> Dumain transform'd?

<sup>4</sup> By

<sup>5</sup> not, corporal... old edit. Theob. emend.

This will



Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

[Aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

[Aside.

King. And mine too, good Lord!

[Aside.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

[Aside.

Dum. I would forget her, but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then incision  
Would let her out in sawcers, sweet misprision. [Aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[Aside.

*Dumain reads his sonnet.*

*On a day, alack the day!*

*Love, whose month is ever May,*

*Spy'd a blossom passing fair,*

*Playing in the wanton air:*

*Through the velvet leaves, the wind*

*All unseen can passage find,*

*That the lover sick to death,*

*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*

*Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,*

*Air, would I might triumph so!*

*But, alack, my hand is sworn,*

*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:*

*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet!*

*Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.*

*Do not call it sin in me,*

*That I am forsworn for thee.*

*Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear*

*Juno but an Ethiopie were,*

*And deny himself for Jove,*

*Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That

That shall express my true love's fasting pain:  
 O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,  
 Were lovers too! ill to example ill  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long. Dumain*, thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'st society: [Coming forward.  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

*King*. Come, Sir, you blush; as his, your case is such,  
 [Coming forward.

You chide at him, offending twice as much.  
 You do not love *Maria*? *Longaville*  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile?  
 Not never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?  
 I have been closely shrowded in this bush,  
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.  
 Ay me! says one; O *Jove*! the other cries;  
 Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth,  
 And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.  
 What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear  
 A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron*. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.  
 Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[Coming forward

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears  
 There is no certain Princess that appears;  
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis an hateful thing;

Tush

Tush;  
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 All th  
 You fo  
 But I a  
 O, wh  
 Of sigh  
 O me,  
 To see  
 To see  
 And pr  
 And N  
 And C  
 Where  
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 A caudle  
*King*.  
 Are we  
*Biron*.  
 that am  
 To break  
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 With '6  
 When sh  
 Or groan  
 n prunin  
 Will prai  
 A gate, a  
 A leg, a  
*King*. S  
 true ma  
*Biron*.  
 Jaq. Go  
*King*. V  
 VOL. I  
 6 men, lik



Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.  
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?  
 You found his mote, the King your mote did see:  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see the King transformed to a gnat!  
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a gig,  
 And profound *Solomon* tuning a jig!  
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys!  
 Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;  
 And, gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?  
 And where my Liege's? all about the breast.  
 A caudle hoa!

*King*. Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron*. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you:  
 I that am honest, I that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in,  
 I am betray'd by keeping company  
 With 'vane-like' men, of strange inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me? when shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,  
 A leg, a limb?

*King*. Soft, whither away so fast?  
 A true man or a thief, that gallops so!

*Biron*. I post from love, good lover, let me go!

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

*Jaq*. God bless the King!

*King*. What present hast thou there?

VOL. II. *Cost.*  
 6 men, like

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,  
Our parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

*King.* *Biron*, read it over. *[He reads the letter.]*  
Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of *Costard*.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

*King.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my Liege, a toy? your Grace needs not  
fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's  
hear it.

*Dum.* It is *Biron's* writing, and here is his name.

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born  
to do me shame,

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

*King.* What? *[the mess]*

*Biron.* That you three fools lackt me fool to make up  
He, he and you: and you, my Liege, and I  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true, we are four:  
Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, *'Sirs*, hence, away!

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay  
*[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us imbrace:

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heav'n will shew his face:

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

7 *Sirs*, away.

*King.*  
*Biron.*  
That  
Bows  
What  
That  
*King.*  
My lo  
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*Biron.*  
O  
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Beauty  
An  
O, 'tis  
*King.*  
*Biron.*  
A  
O, who  
Th  
If that  
No  
*King.*  
The  
8 word  
9 school



# LOVE'S Labour's lost.

131

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? who sees the heavenly *Rosa-*  
That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde* [line,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east)  
Bows not his vassal head, and stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her Majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  
My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon,  
She (an attending star) scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.  
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty

Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants that want it self doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;  
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:

She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot.  
A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy,  
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.  
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O 'wood' divine?

A wife of such wood were felicity,  
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
No face is fair that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox, black is the badge of hell;  
The hue of dungeons, and the 'stole' of night.

I 2

*Biron.*

8 word . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

9 school . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Biron.* And beauty's<sup>1</sup> 'dress' becomes the heavens well.  
Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light:

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and<sup>2</sup> 'usurped' hair  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints it self black to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black?

*Long.* And since her time, are colliers counted bright?

*King.* And *Ethiops*, of their sweet complexion crack?

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be washt away.

*King.* 'Twere good yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not washt to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here:

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face see.

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lyes

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this, are we not all in love?

*Biron.* Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

*King.* Then leave this char, and, good *Biron*, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay marry there, some flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O some authority how to proceed,  
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil?

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury!

O, 'tis more than need.

Have at you then, affection's Men at arms;

Consider

<sup>1</sup> This line spoke by the *King* in all edit. <sup>2</sup> Crest brow  
<sup>3</sup> usurping

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Flat tr  
Say,  
And a  
And v  
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Can yo  
For wh  
Have  
Witho  
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They a  
From v  
Why,  
The ni  
As mo  
The sin  
Now fo  
You hav  
And stu  
For whe  
Teaches  
Learning  
And wh  
Then w  
Do we n  
O, we h  
And in  
For whe  
In leader  
Such fier  
Of 'bea  
Other flo  
And ther  
Scarce sh  
But love,  
A  
4 book,



Consider what you first did swear unto:  
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman;  
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young:  
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
 And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)  
 In that each of you hath forsworn his book,  
 Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?  
 For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,  
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;  
 They are the ground, the 4 'books, the academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire:  
 Why, universal plodding poisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries;  
 As motion and long-during action tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
 And study too, the causer of your vow,  
 For where is any author in the world,  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to our self,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
 Then when our selves we see in ladies eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books:  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery 'notions' as the prompting eyes  
 Of 'beauteous' tutors have enrich'd you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil.  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

I 3

Lives

4 book,

5 numbers

6 beauty's

Lives not alone immured in the brain :  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye :  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind :  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.  
 Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in taste ;  
 For valour, is not love a *Hercules*  
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ?  
 Subtle as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical  
 As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair ?  
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the Gods  
 Makes heaven drowsie with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive :  
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear :  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that 'moves' all men ;  
 Or for mens sake, the author of these women ;  
 Or womens sake, by whom we men are men ;  
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find our selves ;  
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,  
 For charity it self fulfills the law ;

And  
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 King  
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8 Alone,



And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint *Cupid* then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, Lords;  
Pell mell, down with them: but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing, lay these glosses by,  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France*?

*King.* And win them too; therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First from the park let us conduct them thither,  
Then homeward every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away, no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* <sup>1</sup> *Allons! Allons!* sowed cockle reaps no corn,  
And justice always whirls in equal measure:  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel and Dull.*

H O L O F E R N E S.

*S A T I S* quod sufficit.

*Nath.* I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at  
dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant with-  
out scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious with-  
out impudency, learned without opinion, and strange  
without heresie: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a

I 4

com-

8 Alone, alone, sowed Cockrel, ... old edit. Warb. emend.

companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado*.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraconical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet!

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, haufe; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable, it 'insinuateth to me' of 'insanie: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

*Nath.* *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

*Hol.* Bona? bona for benè; *Priscian* a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.*

*Nath.* *Videsne quis venit?*

*Hol.* *Video, & gaudeo.*

*Arm.* Chirra.

*Hol.* *Quare Chirra, not Sirrah?*

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountred.

*Hol.* Most military Sir, salutation.

9 insinuateth me

1 infamy: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick.

*Nath.* *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

*Hol.* Bona boon for boon *Priscian*; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

... old edit. *Theob. emend*

*Moth*  
and sto  
*Cost*  
words.  
word,  
liudinit  
gon.

*Moth*  
*Arm.*

*Moth*  
What is

*Hol.*

*Moth*  
learning

*Hol.*

*Moth*

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*Moth*

*Arm.*

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*Hol.*

*Moth*

*Hol.*

*Moth*

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*Cost.*

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heav'ns v

2 fifth

3 out. . .

4 unum c



*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stole the scraps.

*Cost.* O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallow'd than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace, the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The <sup>2</sup>third of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, I—

*Moth.* The sheep; the other two concludes it, <sup>3</sup>o, u!

*Arm.* Now by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gegg.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy <sup>4</sup>*circum circa*, a gegg of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heav'ns were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard!

<sup>2</sup> fifth. . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>3</sup> out. . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>4</sup> unum cita, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? go to, thou hast it *ad dungbil*, at the finger's ends, as they say.

*Hol.* Oh, I smell false latin, *dungbil* for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *Mons* the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do *sans question*.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the *posterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure you.

*Arm.* Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, my very good friend; for what inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesie—I beseech thee, apparel thy head and among other importunate and most serious designs and of great import indeed too—but let that pass, for must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) some time to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustichio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, recount no fable; some certain special honours it please his greatness to impart to *Armado* a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass—the very all of all is—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good for such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth (as were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.*  
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*Natb*  
sent the

*Hol.*  
*Macbabe*  
shall s'

*Arm.*  
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his club.

*Hol.*  
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*Moth.*  
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tho' few

*Arm.*  
*Hol.*  
*Moth.*

*Arm.*  
*Hol.*  
*Arm.*

beseech y  
*Hol.*  
all this w

*Dull.*  
*Hol.*  
*Dull.*

on the ta  
*Hol.*  
5 pass



*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies, Sir, [*To Nathaniel*] as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistance at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* *Josbua*, your self; this gallant gentleman, *Judas Machabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass for *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

*Arm.* Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device: so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry; well done, *Hercules*, now thou crushest the snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to 'know' it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies?

*Hol.* I will play three my self.

*Moth.* Thrice worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via!* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, Sir.

*Hol.* *Allons*, we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. [*Exeunt.*

5 pass *Pompey* 6 do

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Princess, and Ladies.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,  
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,  
That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax,  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Cath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er befriends with him, he kill'd your sister.

*Cath.* He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,  
And so she died; had she been light like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.

And so may you; for a light heart lives long. [word]

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light?

*Cath.* A light condition, in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Cath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff:

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look what you do, you do it still i'th' dark.

*Cath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

*Cath.* You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for 'past cure is still past cure.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.  
But, *Rosaline*, you have a favour too,  
Who sent it? and what is it?

7 past cure is still past cure. . . . old edit. Thirl. emend.

*Ros.* I

And if r

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*Prin.* A

*Ros.* M

*Prin.* B

*Cath.* F

*Ros.* W

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'*Cath.*

*Prin.* 'I

*Cath.* M

*Prin.* D

*Cath.* '2

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*Mar.* Th

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*Prin.* I t

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*Mar.* Ay

*Prin.* W

*Ros.* The

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) Meaning

ting-brush.

how!

This line g

But what

Yes, Mada

Vildly



Ros. I would you knew,  
And if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great, be witness this.  
Ay, I have verses too, I thank *Biron*.  
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,  
were the fairest goddeſs on the ground.  
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
He hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praife.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, a<sup>s</sup> 'ho! let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter!  
That your face were not so full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews.

Prin. 'But, *Catharine*, what was sent you from *Dumain*?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. 'Yes, Madam, that he did; and sent moreover,  
One thousand verses of a faithful lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisie,  
Vilely<sup>n</sup> compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Longaville*.  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

At same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

That I knew he were but in by th' week!

How

) Meaning to check Catharine for her painting, pencil being a  
writing-brush.

How!

This line given to the Princess in old edit. . . Theob. emend.

But what was sent to you from fair *Dumain*!

Yes, Madam, and moreover,

Vildly

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,  
 And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,  
 And shape his service all to my behests,  
 And make him proud to make me proud with jests,  
 So a <sup>a</sup> 'portent-like' would I o'erway his state,  
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate. <sup>b</sup>

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd  
 As wit turn'd fool; folly in wisdom hatch'd  
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,  
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not in such excess,  
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
 As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:  
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
 To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stab'd with laughter, where's her Grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, *Boyet*?

*Boyet.* Prepare, Madam, prepare.  
 Arm, wenches, arm; incounters mounted are  
 Against your peace, love doth approach disguis'd,  
 Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.  
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,  
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint *Dennis*, to saint *Cupid*; what are they  
 That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;

(a) Portents have been always look'd upon not only as the tokens  
 signals, but the instruments also of Destiny.

(b) See a note in *Meas.* for *Meas.* Act III. Scene I.

4 pedant-like . . . old edit. *Warb.* emend.



When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade, I might behold, address  
The King and his companions; warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:  
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out:  
For, quoth the King, an angel shalt thou see,  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.  
The boy reply'd, an angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.  
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before.  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.

The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly with passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,  
Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.

Their purpose is to parley, court and dance,  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Into his several mistress; which they'll know  
By favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;  
Or, ladies, we will every one be maskt:

And

folly, passions

And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.  
 Hold, *Rosaline*; this favour thou shalt wear,  
 And then the King will court thee for his dear;  
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.  
 And change your favours too, so shall your loves  
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then, wear the favours most in sight.

*Cath.* But in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is to cross theirs;  
 They do it but in mocking merriment,  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several councils they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet  
 With visages display'd to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death we will not move a foot,  
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:  
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart  
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt  
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;  
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;  
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
 And they, well mockt, depart away with shame. [*Sounds*]

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers come.

## S C E N E V

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and  
 attendants disguis'd like Muscovites. Moth with  
 Musick, as for a masquerade.*

*Moth.* All hail the richest beauties on the earth!

6 / 1  
 Mo  
 That e  
 Biron  
 Mo  
 Out —  
 Boyet  
 Moth  
 Not to  
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 Boyet  
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 Biron spea



Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,  
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.

Out —

Boyet. True ; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your savours, heav'nly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —  
With your sun-beamed eyes —

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;  
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers ? know their minds,  
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will [Boyet.

That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say, they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on the grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

in one mile : if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,

And many miles ; the Princess bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill up one mile ?

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

VOL. II.

K

Boyet.

Boyet. Biron speaks this line in the old edit. . . . Theob. emend.

*Boyet.* She hears her self.

*Ros.* How many weary steps  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you,  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,  
That we (like savages) may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

*King.* Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;  
Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.  
Not yet? no dance: thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

? 'The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.'

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
We'll not be nice; take hands, we will not dance.

*King.* Why take you hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends.

Curt'sie, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize your selves then; what buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

*King.*

7 This line begins *Rosalind's* speech in the old edit. . . . *Theob. emend.*

*King.*  
*Ros.*  
*King.*  
*Biron.*  
*Prin.*  
*Biron.*  
*Metheg.*  
*There's*  
*Prin.*  
*Since yo*  
*Biron.*  
*Prin.*  
*Biron.*  
*Prin.*  
*Biron.*  
*Dum.*  
*Mar.*  
*Dum.*  
*Mar.*  
*Take th*  
*Dum.*  
*As muc*  
*Cath.*  
*Long*  
*Cath.*  
*Long*  
*And we*  
*Cath.*  
*Long*  
*Cath.*  
*Long*  
*Cath.*  
*Take al*  
*Long*  
*Will yo*  
*Cath.*  
*Long*



*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,  
Methegline, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice:  
There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu;  
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* 'Gall's bitter.'

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady.

*Mar.* Say you so? fair lord:  
Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you;  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

*Cath.* What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Cath.* O for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

*Cath.* Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Cath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Cath.* No, I'll not be your half;  
Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox. [mocks!]

*Long.* Look, how you butt your self in these sharp  
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Cath.* Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you ere I die.

K 2

*Cath.*

3 Gall? bitter. —

*Cath.* Bleet softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff. [off.]

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches, you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have, gross, gross, fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!

Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in vizards, shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The *King* was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

*Cath.* Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Cath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

But will you hear? the *King* is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

*Cath.* And *Longaville* was for my service born.

*Mar.* *Dumain* is mine as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immed

In their

They w

*Prin.*

*Boyet*

And lea

Therefo

Blow lik

*Prin.*

*Boyet*

Dismask

Are ang

*Prin.*

If they r

*Ros.*

Let's me

Let us c

Disguis'o

And wo

Their sh

And the

Should b

*Boyet.*

*Prin.*

Enter the

*King.*

*Boyet.*

Please it

*King.*

*Boyet.*

(a) Vail

ame sense

owering, fi

9 wildly



Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies maskt are roses in their bud:  
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing a clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd,  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like *Muscovites* in shapeless gear;  
And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue 'vilely' pen'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their  
own habits: Boyet meeting them.*

King. Fair Sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent.

Please it your Majesty, command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

K 3

*Biron.*

(a) Vailing here is to be distinguish'd from veiling, and carries the  
same sense as in the phrase vailing a bonnet, that is, putting off,  
lowering, sinking down.

9 vildly

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,  
 And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please:  
 He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares  
 At wakes and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs:  
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
 Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.  
 He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,  
 That kist away his hand in courtesie.  
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms: nay, he can sing  
 A mean most mainly; and in ushering  
 Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;  
 The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,  
 That put *Armado's* page out of his part!

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet,  
 and attendants.*<sup>a</sup>

*King.* We come to visit you, and purpose now  
 To lead you to our court, vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow  
 Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

(a) ——— attendants.

*Biron.* See where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,  
 Till this mad-man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam; and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave:

*King.* We come, &c.



The virtue of your eye 'makes' break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke:

For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord, it is not so I swear,

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of *Russians* left us but of late,

*King.* How, Madam? *Russians*?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady (to the manner of the days)

In courtesie gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think.

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light; your capacity

Is of that nature, as to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye —

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

K 4

*Ros.*

i must

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the vizards was it that you wore? [this?

*Biron.* Where? when? what vizard? why demand you

*Ros.* There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried, they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look you  
Sea-sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*. [pale?

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical, these summer flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand God knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes:

And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)

My love to thee is found, *sans* crack or flaw.

*Ros.* *Sans sans*, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.

I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,

Write *Lord have mercy on us*, and those three,

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*Prin.*

*Biron.*

*Ros.* I

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*Biron.*

*Ros.* I

*Biron.*

*King.*

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*King.*

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*King.*

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They are infected, in their hearts it lyes,  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:  
These lords are visited, you are not free;  
For the lords tokens on you both I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

*Biron.* Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for your selves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?

*King.* I was, fair Madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her,

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*  
What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto moreover  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this; but take it, Sir, again,

*King.*

*King.* My faith, and this to th' Princess I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:  
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my dear.  
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either: I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't; here was a consent,  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dish it like a *Christmas* comedy.  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some *Dick*  
That smiles his cheek in 'sleers, and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,  
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours, and then we  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:  
Now to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn in will and error:  
Much upon this it is. And might not you [To Boyet,  
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,  
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.  
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily,  
Brave manager, hath this career been run,

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O lord, Sir, they would know  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

2 jeers

*Cost.*

*Cost.*  
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*Cost.* No, Sir, but it is very fine;  
For every one presents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine?

*Cost.* Not so, Sir, under correction, Sir, I hope it is not so,  
You cannot beg us, Sir, I can assure you, Sir, we know  
what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir —

*Biron.* Is not nine,

*Cost.* Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it  
doth amount.

*Biron.* By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your  
living by reckoning, Sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the actors,  
Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own  
part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one  
poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompion*  
the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree  
of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some  
care.

*King.* *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach.

[Exit *Cost.*

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy  
To have one show worse than the King and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;  
That sport best pleases that doth least know how.

Where zeal strives to content, and the 'content'

Dies in the zeal of that + 'it doth present;

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

3 contents

+ which it presents;

SCENE

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: too, too vain, too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal cupplement.

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey* the Great; the parish-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado's* page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*; And if these four worthies in their first shew thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There are five in the first shew.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *novem*, and the whole world again Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter Costard for Pompey.*

*Cost.* I Pompey am.

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* I Pompey am.

*Boyet.* With *Libbard's* head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker;

I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

*Dum.* The Great.

*Cost.* It is great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;

That



*That oft in field, with targe and shield,  
Did make my foe to sweat :*

*And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ;  
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.  
If your ladyship would say, thanks, Pompey, I had done.*

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth ; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great*.

*Biron.* My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.*

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

*By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might :  
My escutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says no, you are not ; for it stands not right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismaid : proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great !

*Cost.* Your servant and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* O Sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. [To Nath.] You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this ; your lion, that holds the poll-ax sitting on a closestool, will be given to Ajax ; a he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak ? run away for shame, Alisander. There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you,

*a* A ridicule upon the Arms given to Alexander in the History of the nine Worthies ; and it ends in a wretched quibble upon the words Ajax and A jakes.

you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how 'he's' a little o'er-parted: but there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Biron*. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

*Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.*

*Hol*. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd *Gerberus* <sup>6</sup> 'the' three-headed *canus*;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*;

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

*Ergo*, I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [*Exit Moth.*]

*Hol*. Judas I am.

*Dum*. A Judas.

*Hol*. Not *Iscaiot*, Sir,

Judas I am, ycleped *Machabeus*.

*Dum*. Judas *Machabeus* clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron*. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

*Hol*. Judas I am.

*Dum*. The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol*. What mean you, Sir?

*Boyet*. To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol*. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

*Biron*. Well follow'd, Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol*. I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron*. Because thou hast no face.

*Hol*. What is this?

*Boyet*. A cittern head.

*Dum*. The head of a bodkin.

*Biron*. A death's face in a ring.

*Long*. The face of an old *Roman* coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet*. The pummel of *Cæsar's* faulchion.

*Dum*. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

*Biron*. St. *George's* half cheek in a broch.

*Dum*  
*Biron*  
And no  
*Hol*.  
*Biron*  
*Hol*.  
*Biron*  
*Boyet*  
And so  
*Dum*.  
*Biron*  
aw  
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ma  
*Prin*.

*Biron*  
arms.  
*Dum*.  
now be  
*King*.  
*Boyet*.  
*King*.  
*Long*.  
*Dum*,  
*Boyet*.  
*Biron*.  
*Dum*.  
*Arm*.  
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*Dum*.  
*Biron*.  
*Long*.  
*Dum*.  
*Arm*.  
Gave

7 by



Dum. Ay, and in a broch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;  
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False, we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an ass, let him go.  
And so adieu, sweet Jude; nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*,  
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he  
may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor *Machabeus*! how he hath been baited!

*Enter Armado.*

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in  
arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home ? 'to' me, I will  
now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*?

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of launces the Almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*

A

*A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye  
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower.*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against  
*Hector*.

*Dum.* Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;  
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:  
But I will forward with my device;

Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

*Prin.* Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves he by the foot?

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.*

*Cost.* 'The party is gone,' fellow *Hector*, she is gone;  
she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What mean'st thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the  
poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in  
her belly already. 'Tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates?  
thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that  
is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by  
him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*!

*Boyet.* Renown'd *Pompey*!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*!  
*Pompey* the huge!

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Biron.* *Pompey* is mov'd more *Atès*, more *Atès*, stir  
them on, stir them on.

8 These words were added to the foregoing speech of *Arm.* in the  
old edit. *Theob. emend.*



*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do't in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat? what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was injoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore none, but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

SCENE X.

*Enter Macard.*

*Mac.* God save you, Madam.

*Prin.* Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

*Mac.* I'm sorry, Madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

*Prin.* Dead for my life.

*Mac.* Even so: my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

VOL. II. L. *Arm.*

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of a 'right' through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my self like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

*King.* How fares your Majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare, I will away to night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide The liberal opposition of our spirits; If over-boldly we have born our selves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord; An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme part of time extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed, And often at his very loose decides That, which long process could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesie of love The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it From what is purpos'd. Since to wail friends lost Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not, my griefs are double.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief; And by these badges understand the King. For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

9 wrong

1 an humble: . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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As love  
All wan  
Form'd  
Full of  
Varying  
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Which  
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Even to th' opposed end of our intents;  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,  
 As love is full of unbefitting strains,  
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,  
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,  
 To every varied object in his glance;  
 Which party-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,  
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;  
 Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,  
 By being once false, for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;  
 And even that falshood, in it self a sin,  
 Thus purifies it self, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,  
 Your favours, the embassadors of love;  
 And in our maiden council rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie,  
 As bumbast, and as lining to the time:  
 But more devout than this in our respects  
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
 In their own fashion like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not 'quote' them so.

*King.* Now at the latest minute of the hour,  
 Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time methinks too short,  
 To make a world-without-end bargain in;  
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,  
 Full of dear guiltiness: and therefore this;  
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)

L 2

You

2 than these are our respects

3 coat

You will do ought, this shall you do for me;  
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
 If this austere insociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this tryal, and last love;  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge me, <sup>4</sup>challenge by these deserts;  
 And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine; and till that instant shut  
 My woful self up in a mourning house,  
 Raining the tears of lamentation,  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny;

To <sup>5</sup>fetter up these powers of mine with rest,  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Cath.* <sup>6</sup>No wife: a beard, fair health, and honesty;  
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Cath.* Not so, my lord; a twelve-month and a day  
 I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.

Come when the King doth to my Lady come;

Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Cath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says *Maria*?

*Mar.* At the twelve-month's end,  
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

<sup>4</sup> challenge me, by

<sup>5</sup> flatter

<sup>6</sup> a wife!—

*Long.*

*Mar.*

*Biron.*

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*Biron.*

I'll jest a

*Long.*



*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:

What humble suit attends thy answer there;

Impose some service on me for thy love,

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,

Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lye within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won;

You shall this twelve-month-term from day to day

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choak a gibbing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears

Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withal:

But if they will not; throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[To the King.]

*King.* No, Madam, we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

*Jack* hath not *Jill*; these ladies' courtesie  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Armado.*

*Arm.* Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me—

*Prin.* Was not that *Hector*?

*Dum.* The worthy Knight of *Troy*.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I  
am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the  
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd  
Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learn'd  
men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the  
cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our  
shew.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla, approach.

*Enter all.*

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow.

*Ver*, begin.

Th

7 And  
And



The S O N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,*

*Do paint the meadows with delight;  
The cuckow then on every tree  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:  
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;  
The cuckow then on every tree  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

W I N T E R.

*When isicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
Tu-whit, to-who;*

*A merry note,*

*While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

L 4

*When*

*7 And cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,*

... old edit. Theob. transposition.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw;  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit, to-who;  
 A merry note,  
 While greasie Jone doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of *Mercury*  
 Are harsh after the songs of *Apollo* :  
 You, that way ; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





GRAMMATIC PERSONA

Lord attending upon the Duke in his country



As You Like It.

A  
COMEDY.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### DUKE.

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.*

Amiens,

Jaques,

} *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending on Frederick.*

Oliver, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.*

Jaques,

Orlando,

} *Younger brothers to Oliver.*

Adam, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.*

Dennis, *servant to Oliver.*

Charles, *a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.*

Touchstone, *a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.*

Corin,

Sylvius,

} *shepherds.*

*A clown, in love with Audrey.*

William, *another clown, in love with Audrey.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Rosalind, *daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with pages, foresters, and other attendants.*

*The SCENE lyes first near Oliver's house, and afterwards partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.*





# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER'S Orchard.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

ORLANDO.

**A**S I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this <sup>1</sup> my father bequeath'd me by will but a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jaqes* he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his <sup>2</sup> discountenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place

<sup>1</sup> fashion

<sup>2</sup> countenance

place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orla.* Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Oli.* Now, Sir, what make you here?

*Orla.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, Sir?

*Orla.* Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and <sup>3</sup> 'do aught' a while.

*Orla.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks<sup>\*</sup> with them? what prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, Sir?

*Orla.* O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, Sir?

*Orla.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confesse <sup>4</sup> 'you coming before me are nearer to his revenue.'

*Oli.*

<sup>3</sup> be naught

<sup>4</sup> your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

... old edit. *Warb. emend.*

*Oli.*  
*Orla.*  
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*Oli.*  
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*Oli.* I  
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neither.



*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orla.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villian?

*Orla.* I am no villian: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villian that says such a father begot villians. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orla.* I will not 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

*Orla.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exe. Orlando and Adam.*]

SCENE III.

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter*

*Enter Dennis.**Den.* Calls your worship?*Oli.* Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.*Oli.* Call him in; — 'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.*Enter Charles.**Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.*Oli.* Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?*Cha.* There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.*Oli.* Can you tell if *Rosalind*, 'the old Duke's' daughter, be banish'd with her father?*Cha.* O, no; for 'the new Duke's' daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live?*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?*Cha.* Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with

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with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I must for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had my self notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship. [Exit.]

*Oli.* Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than <sup>7</sup>him.

<sup>7</sup> he.

Yet

Yet he's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about: [Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Cel.* I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but 'me, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?



*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be the sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are nightly misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoured.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the trimmings of nature.

*Enter Clown.*

*Cel.* No? when nature hath made a fair creature, may he not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull for reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

*Cl.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Cl.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Cl.* Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour

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they

they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Clo.* Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Clo.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn, no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

*Clo.* One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

*Clo.* The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew: here comes Monsieur *Le Beau*.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Le Beau.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cram'd.

*Cel.* All the better, we shall be the more marketable.

*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what news?*

9 This speech is given to *Ros.* in the old edit. . . . *Theob.* emend.



*Le Beau.* Fair Princess, you have lost much sport.

*Cel.* Sport; of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, Madam? how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Clo.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.

*Clo.* Nay, if I keep not my rank ———

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons:

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's wrestler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Clo.* But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Clo.* Thus men grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to 'set' this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder sure they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

## S C E N E VI.

*Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Come on, since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

*Duke.* How now, daughter and cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the 'men' in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

*Duke.* Do so; I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

*Orla.* I attend her with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler?

*Orla.* No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your



your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw your self with <sup>3</sup> 'our' eyes, or knew your self with <sup>4</sup> 'our' judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orla.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supply'd when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eek out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

*Orla.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cba.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so devout to lye with his mother earth?

*Orla.* Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more most working.

*Duke.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cba.* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily perswaded him to a first.

*Orla.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mockt before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now *Hercules* be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg!

*[They wrestle.]*

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell  
who should down. [Shout.]

*Duke.* No more, no more.

[Charles is thrown.]

*Orla.* Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well  
breathed.

*Duke.* How dost thou, *Charles*?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my Lord.

*Duke.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orla.* *Orlando*, my liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else;  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke with his Train]

## S C E N E VII.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orla.* I am <sup>s</sup> 'most' proud to be Sir *Rowland's* son,  
His youngest son, and would not change that calling  
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*;

*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks <sup>6</sup> 'at my' heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, <sup>7</sup> 'as you've here exceeded promise,'

<sup>5</sup> more

<sup>6</sup> me at

<sup>7</sup> as you have exceeded all in promise,

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Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That <sup>s</sup> 'would' give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

*Cel.* Ay; fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orla.* Can I not say, I thank you? my better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a meer lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.  
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Cel.*]

*Orla.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

*Enter Le Beau.*

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown;  
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place: albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

*Orla.* I thank you, Sir; and pray you, tell me this;  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
That here <sup>s</sup> 'were' at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;  
But yet indeed the shorter is his daughter;  
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves

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Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle neice,  
 Grounded upon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth, Sir, fare you well;  
 Hereafter in a better world than this  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit,

*Orla* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!  
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:  
 But, heav'nly *Rosalind*! [Exit,

## S C E N E VIII.

*Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin, why, *Rosalind*; *Cupid* have mercy,  
 not a word!

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away  
 upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me  
 with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the  
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad  
 without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh,  
 how full of briers is this working-day-world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in  
 holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths,  
 our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are  
 in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.*

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*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than my self.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time in despite of a fall; but turning these jests out of service let us talk in good earnest: is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chase I should hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith; hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Duke with Lords.*

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger

*Duke.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, and get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle!

*Duke.* 'You.'

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found so near our publick court as twenty miles, thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your Grace, let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

with my self I hold intelligence, I have acquaintance with my own desires,

that I do not dream, or be not frantick,

as I do trust I am not; then, dear uncle,

never so much as in a thought unborn

did I offend your Highness.

*Duke.* Thus do all traitors; their purgation did consist in words,

1 You, Cousin.

They

They are as innocent as grace it self:  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his Dukedom,  
So was I when your Highness banish'd him;  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
Then, good my Liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke.* Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;  
I was too young that time to value her;  
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,  
And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* swans  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her:  
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone; then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,  
Which I have past upon her; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke.* You are a fool; you, niece, provide your self;  
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

*[Exeunt Duke, &]*

SCENE

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S C E N E X.

*Cel.* O my poor *Rosalind*, where wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine:  
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast <sup>2</sup> 'not, dearest cousin;  
Pry'thee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the Duke  
Has banish'd me his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? Hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love  
Which teacheth <sup>3</sup> 'me that thou and I <sup>4</sup> 'are one;  
Shall we be fundred? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No, let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,  
To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out:  
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of *Arden*,

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put my self in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smutch my face;  
The like do you; so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtela upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart  
Lye there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
<sup>5</sup> I'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As

<sup>2</sup> not, cousin; <sup>3</sup> thee . . . old edit. Theob. emend. <sup>4</sup> am <sup>5</sup> We'll

As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own page,  
And therefore look you call me *Ganymed*;  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assaid to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.  
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight: now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment!

[*Exeunt.*



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

### A FOREST.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like foresters.*

*DUKE senior.*

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom-made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we <sup>6</sup>'but' the penalty of *Adam*,  
The season's difference; as, the icie phang,

And

<sup>6</sup> not . . . old edit. Theob. emend.



And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it; happy is your Grace  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke Sen.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches goar'd.

*Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,  
The melancholy *Jaqes* grieves at that,  
And in that kind swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you:  
To-day my Lord of *Amiens* and my self  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaqes*,  
Lied on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke*

*Duke Sen.* But what said *Jaques*?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord.* O yes, into a thousand families.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;  
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much. Then, being alone  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part  
The flux of company: anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,  
Sweep on, you fat and greazy citizens,  
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?  
Thus most invectively he pierced through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke Sen.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke Sen.* Show me the place;  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E II.

*The PALACE again.*

*Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.*

*Duke.* CAN it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be; some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 Lord.*



**1 Lord.** I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

**2 Lord.** My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft  
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:

*Hesperia*, the Princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*;  
And she believes, where-ever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

**Duke.** Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*OLIVER'S House.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

**Orla.** Who's there?

[*master,*

*Adam.* What! my young master? oh my gentle

Oh my sweet master, O you memory

Of old Sir *Rowland*! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny prifer of the humorous Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh,

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orla.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother — (no; no brother, yet the son,  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father,)  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lye,  
And you within it; if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off;  
I overheard him and his practices:  
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orla.* Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orla.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs <sup>7</sup> be<sup>n</sup> lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown;  
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,  
All this I give you, let me be your servant:  
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

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Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you,  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orla.* Oh good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world;  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choak their service up  
Even with the having; it is not so with thee;  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;  
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]



VOL. II.

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SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

## The FOREST.

*Enter Rosalind in Boy's cloaths for Ganimed, Celia dressed like a Shepherdes for Aliena, and Clown.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how 'weary' are my spirits! [*weary*  
*Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my manly apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show it so courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me, I can go no further.

*Clo.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of *Arden*.

*Clo.* Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good *Touchstone*; look you who come here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Enter Corin and Sylvius.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Syl.* O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Syl.* No, *Corin*, being old thou can'st not guess, Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover, As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow; But if thy love were ever like to mine, (As sure I think did never man love so) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.



*Syl.* Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd.

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!*

[*Exit. Syl.*

*Ros.* Alas poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

have by hard adventure found my own.

*Clo.* And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I

broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for

coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the

kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty

hopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of

peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods,

and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, wear

these for my sake. We that are true lovers run into

strange capers; but all is mortal in nature, so is all nature

in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

*Clo.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till

break my shins against it.

*Ros.* *Jove! Jove!* this shepherd's passion is much upon

thy fashion.

*Clo.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,

if he for gold will give us any food;

faint almost to death.

*Clo.* Holla; you, clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Clo.* 'Your betters.'

*Cor.* Else they're very wretched.

N 2

*Ros.*

9 Your betters, Sir.

*Ros.* 'Peace, fool, I say;' good even to you, friend

*Cor.* And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed;  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair Sir, I pity her,  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little reckes to find the way to heav'n  
By doing deeds of hospitality:  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but ere while  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages.  
I like this place, and willingly could waste  
My time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold;  
Go with me; if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exit

Peace, I say;

SCENE



SCENE V.

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.*

SONG.

*Under the green-wood tree,  
Who loves to lye with me,  
And tune his merry note,  
Unto the sweet birds throat;  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur *Jaques*.

*Jaq.* I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is rugged, I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you sing; come, come, another stanza: call you 'em stanza's?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur *Jaques*.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request, than to please my self.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, I think I have given him a penny, and he renders me beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will, hold your tongues —

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this while to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He

is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to lye i'th' sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets;  
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass;  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
'Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that 'duc ad me'?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exit]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for

2 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;

3 ducdame?

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Adam.

Duke  
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i Lora  
Duke S  
That you  
What?  
Jaq.  
A motley  
As I do  
Who laid  
and rail?

4 wor



Food! here lye I down, and measure out my grave. Fare-  
wel, kind master.

*Orla.* Why, how now, *Adam*! no greater heart in thee?  
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little. If  
this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either  
be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit  
is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be com-  
fortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here  
with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something  
to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before  
I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said,  
thou look'st cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly: yet  
thou lye'st in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to  
some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner,  
if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good  
*Adam.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Duke Sen. and Lords.* [A table set out.]

*Duke Sen.* I think he is transform'd into a beast,  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*1 Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke Sen.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:  
Go seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

*1 Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke Sen.* Why how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company?

What? you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool; I met a fool i' th' forest,  
A motley fool, a miserable varlet,

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,

N 4

In

4 world!

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
 Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,  
 Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;  
 And then he drew a dial from his poak,  
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 Says, very wisely, it is ten a clock:  
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:  
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep contemplative:  
 And I did laugh sans intermission,  
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool,  
 A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

*Duke Sen.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,  
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket  
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke Sen.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;  
 Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;  
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so?  
 The why is plain, as way to parish church;  
 He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,

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*Duke*

*Jaq.*

*Duke*

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*Jaq.* V

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Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 'Not to seem' senseless of the bob. If not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
 Even by the squandring glances of a fool.  
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
 For thou thy self hast been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting it self;  
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the very very means do ebb?  
 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say the city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That says his bravery is not on my cost  
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein sutes  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then; how then? <sup>6</sup> let me then see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies  
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

<sup>5</sup> seem . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>6</sup> what then? let me see

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.**Orla.* Forbear, and eat no more.*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.*Orla.* Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come? [trefs?]*Duke Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy dish?  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?*Orla.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew  
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,  
And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:  
He dies that touches any of this fruit,  
'Till I and my affairs are answered.*Jaq.* If you will not  
Be answered with reason, I must die. [force,*Duke Sen.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall  
More than your force move us to gentleness.*Orla.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.*Duke Sen.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.*Orla.* Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;  
I thought that all things had been savage here,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
If ever you have look'd on better days;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;  
If ever sate at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And 'known' what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,  
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

E N D 7 know

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*Duke Sen.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be ministred.

*Orla.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke Sen.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste 'till you return.

*Orla.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good com-  
fort!

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

*Duke Sen.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play.

*Jaq.* All the world is a stage,  
And all the men and women meerly players;  
They have their ~~exits~~ and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts:  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking

Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Orlando with Adam.*

*Duke Sen.* Welcome: set down your venerable burthen,  
 And let him feed.

*Orla.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need,  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for my self.

*Duke Sen.* Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,  
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.  
 Give us some musick, and, good cousin, sing.

## S O N G.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*

*Thou art not so unkind*

*As man's ingratitude;*

*Thy tooth is not so keen*

*'Thou causest not that teen,*

*Altho' thy breath be rude.*

*8* Because thou art not seen

*Heigh*

*Duke*  
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*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer folly:  
Then heigh ho, the holly,  
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh*

*As benefits forgot:*

*Tho' thou the waters warp,*

*Thy sting is not so sharp*

*As friend's 'rememb'ring' not.*

*Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,  
Most truly limn'd, and in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke  
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;  
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.*

*DUKE.*

**N**OT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it,

6 remembered

Find

Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is,  
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
 'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
 Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this:  
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke.* More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,  
 And let my officers of such a nature  
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
 Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*The FOREST.*

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* **H**Ang there, my verse, in witness of my love;  
 And thou, thrice crowned Queen of night, survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
*O Rosalind,* these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Corin and Clown.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, *M*  
*Touchstone?*

*Clown.*

*Clow.*  
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*Clo.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain 'of bad breeding, and comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No truly.

*Clo.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope—

*Clo.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? your reason.

*Clo.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

[Exit] *Cor.* Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds

*Clo.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.*

of good breeding, or

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasie.

*Clo.* Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow; a better instance, I say: come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Clo.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man: thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed; learn of the wise and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Clo.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a she-lamb <sup>a</sup> 'of a twelve-month old to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

<sup>2</sup> of a twelve month to

SCENE

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*Ros.* I'll

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S C E N E IV.

*Enter Rosalind with a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to the western Inde,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd,  
Are but black to Rosalind;  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners,  
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right  
butter-women's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.

*If a hart doth lack a bind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you in-  
fect your self with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it  
with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i' th'

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O

country;

country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

*Clo.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Celia with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

*Cel.* *Why should this a desert be?*

*For it is unpeopled. No;*

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*

*That shall civil sayings show.*

*Some, how brief the life of man*

*Runs his erring pilgrimage,*

*That the stretching of a span*

*Buckles in his sum of age;*

*Some of violated vows,*

*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;*

*But upon the fairest boughs,*

*Or at every sentence end,*

*Will I Rosalinda write;*

*Teaching all that read to know*

*This quintessence of every sprite,*

*Heaven would in little show.*

*Therefore heaven nature charg'd,*

*That one body should be fill'd*

*With all graces wide enlarg'd;*

*Nature presently distill'd*

*Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,*

*Cleopatra's majesty;*

*Atalanta's better part,*

*Sad Lucretia's modesty.*

*Thus Rosalind of many parts*

*By heav'nly synod was devis'd,*

*Of many faces, eyes and hearts,*

*To have the touches dearest priz'd.*

*Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,*

*And I to live and die her slave.*



*Ros.* O most gentle *Jupiter*! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people!

*Cel.* How now, back-friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

*Clo.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Ex. Cor. and Clown.*]

SCENE VI.

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagoras's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

*Ros.* I pry'thee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pry'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonder-  
O 2

wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping——

*Ros.* 'Odds,' my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition? one inch of delay more is a south-sea<sup>4</sup> off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace; I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, fad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* *Orlando!*

*Cel.* *Orlando.*

*Ros.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes 'him' here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

<sup>3</sup> Good, ... old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>4</sup> of ... old. edit. Warb. emend.

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*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atoms as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under 'an oak-tree' like a dropp'd acorn.

*Ros.* It may be well call'd *Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good Madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

*Ros.* Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? 'what' I think I must speak: sweet, say on.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but good faith, had as lief have been my self alone.

*Orla.* And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God b' w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orla.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

O 3

*Jaq.*

6 a tree . . . old edit. Warb. emend. 7 when

*Jaq.* I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orla.* I pray you, marr no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* *Rosalind* is your love's name.

*Orla.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orla.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orla.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orla.* Not so: but I answer you <sup>s'</sup>right in the stile of the painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

*Orla.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know no faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orla.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orla.* He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orla.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good signior love. [Exit]

*S'* right painted cloth,

SCENE



S C E N E VIII.

*Orla.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur melancholy.

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

*Orla.* Very well; what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clock?

*Orla.* You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orla.* And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces with divers persons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orla.* I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orla.* Who ambles time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

*Orla.* Whom doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orla.* Whom stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep be-

tween term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orla.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdes my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orla.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orla.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it. I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orla.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orla.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orla.* I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orla.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which

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which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for simply your Having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your self, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orla.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

*Orla.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhimes speak?

*Orla.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is meerly a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad men do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orla.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world,

world, and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orla.* I would not be cur'd, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orla.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

*Orla.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques.*

*Clo.* Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

*Clo.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

*Jaq.* O knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a thatch'd house.

*Clo.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great 'reeking' in a little room: truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Clo.* No truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

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*Aud.* Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

*Clo.* I do truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Clo.* No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a fawce to sugar.

*Jaq.* A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

*Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

*Clo.* Well, praised be the Gods for thy foulness! Slut-tishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the Gods give us joy!

*Clo. Amen.* A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so — poor men alone? — no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chappel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Clo.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

*Clo.* Good even, good master what ye call: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, *Motley*?

*Clo.* As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desire; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Clo.* I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Clo.* Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry: farewell, good Mr. *Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee; but wind away, be gone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE



S C E N E X.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of a dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than *Judas's*: marry his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

*Ros.* I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy 'beard.' a

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* *Was*, is not, *is*; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him

(a) *Meaning the kiss of charity from Hermits and holy men.* Warb.  
bread. . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go.  
But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as  
*Orlando*?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man, he writes brave verses,  
speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them  
bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a  
puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks  
his staff like a <sup>2</sup>'nose-quill'd' goose; but all's brave that  
youth mounts and folly guides: who comes here?

*Enter* *Corin*.

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft enquir'd  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly plaid  
Between the pale complexion of true love,  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:  
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter* *Sylvius* and *Phebe*.

*Syl.* Sweet *Phebe*, do not scorn me, do not, *Phebe*;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness; the common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard  
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that <sup>3</sup>'lives and thrives' by bloody drops?

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*Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner,  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes;  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can <sup>4</sup> do any hurt.

*Syl.* 'O my dear *Phebe*,  
If ever (as that ever may be near)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wound's invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But 'till that time  
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As 'till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult and <sup>6</sup> 'domineer'  
Over the wretched? what though you <sup>7</sup> 'have some beauty,'  
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why,

<sup>4</sup> do hurt. <sup>5</sup> O dear *Phebe*, <sup>6</sup> rail, at once <sup>7</sup> have beauty,

Why, what means this? why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work: odds my little life,  
 I think she means to tangle mine eyes too:  
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship:  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her  
 Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man  
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;  
 'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter her,  
 And out of you she sees her self more proper  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
 But, mistress, know your self, down on your knees,  
 And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.  
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,  
 a Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer:  
 So take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

*Pbe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;  
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with <sup>a</sup> her foulness, and she'll  
 fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she  
 answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with  
 bitter words: Why look you so upon me?

*Pbe.* For no ill-will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine;  
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:  
 Will you go, sister? shepherd, ply her hard:  
 Come, sister; shepherdess, look on him better,

(a) By the word foul here is meant frowning, lowring.

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*Syl. N*

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*Pbe. T*

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And be not proud ; tho' all the world could see ye  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. *[Exe. Ros. Cel. and Cor.]*

*Phe.* 'Deed, shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*

*Syl.* Sweet *Phebe*!

*Phe.* Hah : what say'st thou, *Sylvius*?

*Syl.* Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Sylvius*.

*Syl.* Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly?

*Syl.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

*Sylvius*, the time was, that I hated thee ;  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for further recompence  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Syl.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And such a poverty of grace attends it,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Syl.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old *Carlot* once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him ;  
Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear :

VOL. II.

P

It

9 Dead,

It is a pretty youth, not very pretty ;  
 But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him ;  
 He'll make a proper man ; the best thing in him  
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up :  
 He is 'not tall,' yet for his years he's tall ;  
 His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well ;  
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
 A little riper and more lusty red  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference  
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
 There be some women, *Sylvius*, had they mark'd him  
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
 To fall in love with him ; but for my part  
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,  
 And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me ;  
 I marvel why I answer'd not again,  
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.  
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
 And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, *Sylvius* ?

*Syl.* *Phebe*, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,  
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :  
 Go with me, *Sylvius*.

[*Exeunt*]

i not very tall,



ACT

A

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*Jaq.*  
*Ros.*  
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*Jaq.*  
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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Continues in the FOREST.*

*Enter Rosalind, Celia and Jaques.*

J A Q U E S.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Exeunt

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other mens; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

ACT

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

*Orla.* Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind*!

*Jaq.* Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*Ros.* Farewel, monsieur traveller ; look you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orla.* My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orla.* Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orla.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head : a better jointure, I think, 'than you can make' a woman ; besides, he brings his destiny with him,

*Orla.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for ; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orla.*

2 than you make



Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent: what would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause: *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellepont*, and

being taken with the cramp was drown'd ; and the foolish  
'coroners' of that age <sup>4</sup> found it *Hero* of *Sestos*. But  
these are all lies ; men have died from time to time, and  
worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orla.* I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind ;  
for I protest her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a flie ; but come,  
now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on dispo-  
sition ; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orla.* Then love me, *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

*Orla.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orla.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orla.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good  
thing? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry  
us. Give me your hand, *Orlando* : what do you say,  
Sister?

*Orla.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, will you *Orlando* —

*Cel.* Go to ; will you *Orlando* have to wife this *Rosalind*?

*Orla.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orla.* Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Orla.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission, but I do  
take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girl gone  
before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs  
before her actions.

*Orla.* So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would 'love' her  
after you have possess'd her.



*Orla.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

*Orla.* But will my *Rosalind* do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orla.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

*Orla.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit, whither wilt?

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orla.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's <sup>6</sup> 'accusation,' let her never nurse her child her self, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orla.* For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orla.* I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me;

'tis but o're cast away, and so come death: two o'th' clock is your hour?

*Orla.* Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orla.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*; so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [Exit *Orla.*

### S C E N E III.

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be founded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal*.

*Cel.* Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh 'till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV.

*Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a *Roman* conqueror, and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory; have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, Sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

*Musick, Song.*

*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*

*His leather skin and horns to wear;*

*Then sing him home; Take thou no scorn*

*[The rest shall bear this burthen.*

*To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:*

*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

*Thy father's father wore it,*

*And thy own father bore it,*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

*[Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now, is it not past two o'clock?

*I wonder much Orlando is not here.*

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look who comes here.

*Enter Sylvius.*

*Syl.* My errand is to you, fair youth,  
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:

*I know*

I know not the contents; but as I guess.  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience her self would startle at this letter,  
[*After reading the letter.*

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners,  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as phoenix: odd's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Syl.* No, I protest I know not the contents,  
*Phebe* did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you're a fool,  
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.  
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,  
A free-stone-coloured hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;  
She has a huswife's hand, but that's no matter;  
I say she never did invent this letter,  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Syl.* Sure it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,  
A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like *Turk* to Christian; woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,  
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

*Syl.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of *Phebe's* cruelty.

*Ros.* She *Phebe's* me; mark how the tyrant writes.  
[*Reads.*] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,*

*That a maiden's heart bath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

*Syl.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.*

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*Ros.*



*Ros.* [*Reads.*] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me, what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me;  
And by him seal up thy mind,  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.*

*Syl.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity: wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her, that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Syl.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlaws of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.*

*Cel.* West of this place down in the neighbour bottom  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;  
But at this hour the house doth keep it self,  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description,  
Such garments, and such years: the boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe Sister: but the woman low,  
And browner than her brother. Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

*Ros.* I am; what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within 'two hours; and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present it self.  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald, of dry antiquity;  
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd it self,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
Seeing *Orlando* it unlink'd it self,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush, under which bush's shade

7 an hour;

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*Cel.* O, I  
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con  
Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,  
And he did render him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do;  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
But kindness nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battel to the lioness:  
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was't you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place;  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love,  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,

A Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And

And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*:  
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,  
 And after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

*Cel.* Why, how now, *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*?

[*Ros. faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is no more in't: cousin *Ganimed*?

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* Would I were at home!

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack  
 a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would  
 think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your  
 brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit, there is too great testi-  
 mony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to  
 be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman  
 by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw  
 homewards; good Sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I; for I must bear answer back  
 How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but I pray you, com-  
 mend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*]





A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The FOREST.*

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

C L O W N.

**W**E shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's saying.

*Clo.* A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a most vile Mar-text! but, *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the forest says claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in the world; here comes the man you mean.

*Enter William.*

*Clo.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

*Aud.* God ye good ev'n, *William*.

*Will.* And good ev'n to you, Sir.

*Clo.* Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pry'thee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, Sir.

*Clo.* A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

*Will.* *William*, Sir.

*Clo.* A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

*Will.* Ay, Sir, I thank God.

*Clo.* Thank God; a good answer: art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, Sir, so so.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* So fo is good, very good, very excellent good and yet it is not; it is but so fo. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember saying, the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, Sir.

*Clo.* Give me your hand: art thou learned?

*Will.* No, Sir.

*Clo.* Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, Sir?

*Clo.* He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the society; which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death; thy liberty into bondage; I will deal with thee in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will banter thee with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good *William*.

*Will.* God rest you merry, Sir. [Exit]

*Enter* *Corin*.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come away away.

*Clo.* T  
end.

*Orla.* I  
should lik  
and loving  
will you p  
*Oli.* No

poverty c  
wooing, I  
ove *Alien*  
with both,  
your good  
that was  
here live a

*Orla.* Y  
morrow;  
ented follo  
ere comes

*Ros.* Go  
*Oli.* An  
*Ros.* O

near thy h  
*Orla.* It  
*Ros.* I th

laws of a  
*Orla.* W  
*Ros.* Dic

o swoon,  
*Orla.* A  
*Ros.* O,

as never  
ams, and  
vercame:

VOL. I



*Clo.* Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orla.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orla.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all his contented followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

*Ros.* O my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orla.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orla.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited a swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

*Orla.* Ay, and greater wonders than that,

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two arms, and *Cæsar's* thraasonical brag of I came, saw and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met,

but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

*Orla.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*.

*Orla.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, convers't with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena* you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orla.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a magician: therefore put you on your best advantage.

ray, bid  
morrow,

Look, h

*Pbe.*

To shew

*Ros.*

To seem

You are

Look up

*Pbe.*

*Syl.*

And so a

*Pbe.*

*Orla.*

*Ros.*

*Syl.*

And so a

*Pbe.*

*Orla.*

*Ros.*

*Syl.*

All made

All adora

All huml

All purit

And so a

*Pbe.*

*Orla.*

*Ros.*

*Pbe.*

*Syl.*

IF

*Orla.*



ray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Sylvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study  
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Syl.* It is to be made all of sighs and tears;  
And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Syl.* It is to be made all of faith and service;  
And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Syl.* It is to be all made of fantasie,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all tryal, all observance;  
And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And so am I for *Ganymed*.

*Orla.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[To *Ros.*

*Syl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[To *Phe.*

*Orla.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

*Orla.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Irish* wolves against the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: to-morrow meet me all together: I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [*To Phe.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow; [*To Orla.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow; [*To Syl.*] As you love *Rosalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

*Syl.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orla.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

*Clo.* To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to-morrow we will be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Clo.* By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

*2 Page.* We are for you, sit i'th' middle.

*1 Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*2 Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

*Duke*  
Can do a

8 a



S O N G.

*It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring-time; the pretty spring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime,  
In the spring-time, &c.*

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lye,  
In the spring-time, &c.*

*The carrol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that <sup>s</sup>'our life was but a flower,  
In the spring-time, &c.*

*Clo.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

*1 Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir; and we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Clo.* By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. *Come, Audrey.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

*Duke Sen.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

8 a

Q. 3

Orla.

*Orla.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that 'think' they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter Rosalind, Sylvius, and Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd  
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke  
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

*Duke Sen.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with  
her.

*Ros.* And you say you will have her when I bring her  
[To Orlando

*Orla.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

*Ros.* You say you'll marry me, if I be willing? [To Phe

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give your self to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will  
[To Sylvius

*Syl.* Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I've promis'd to make all this matter even;  
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;  
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,  
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.

Keep your word, *Sylvius*, that you'll marry her,  
If she refuse me; and from hence I go

To make these doubts all even. [Exe. *Ros.* and *Celia*

*Duke Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orla.* My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;  
But, my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Jaq.*  
couples  
'unclea  
*Clo.* S  
*Jaq.*  
motley-  
forest: I  
*Clo.* I  
purgatio  
I have b  
enemy,  
quarrels  
*Jaq.*  
*Clo.*  
the seve  
*Jaq.*  
fellow.  
*Duke*  
*Clo.*  
press in  
latives,  
binds,  
vour'd  
mine, S  
nefty d  
pearl in  
*Duk*  
*Clo.*  
diseases  
*Jaq.*  
quarrel

(a) N  
and the  
(b) M  
I v



S C E N E VI.

*Enter Clown and Audrey.*

*Jaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of 'unclean' <sup>a</sup> beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier he swears.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation; I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Clo.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How the seventh cause? good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke Sen.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you, Sir, I desire <sup>a</sup> 'of you' the like: I prefs in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke Sen.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Clo.* According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases. <sup>b</sup>

*Jaq.* But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Q 4

*Clo.*

(a) Noah was order'd to take into the ark the clean beasts by sevens, and the unclean by pairs. Warburton.

(b) Meaning Love, as what is apt to make folks sententious.

1 very strange

2 you of

*Clo.* Upon a lie seven times removed; (bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment; this is call'd the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, 'I lied:' this is call'd the countercheck quarrelsome; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial; nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Clo.* O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, *if* you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke Sen.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

S C E N E

3 I lie:

Enter Hy

Hym. T

W

G

F

2

W

*Rof.* To

To you I

*Duke Sen.*

*Orla.* If

*Phe.* If

Why then

*Rof.* I'll

I'll have n

Nor ne'er

*Hym.* F

'Tis I mu

Of these

Here's eig

To join in

If truth

You and

You and

You to h

Or have a

You and

As the w

Whiles a

Feed you



S C E N E VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ros. To you I give my self; for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*  
To you I give my self; for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

You and you are heart in heart;

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord.

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather:

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed your selves with questioning:

That

That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

## S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown,  
O blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,  
High wedlock then be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown  
To Hymen, God of every town!*

*Duke Sen.* O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me  
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Jaques de Boys.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:  
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
*Duke Frederick*, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power which were on foot  
In his own conduct purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke Sen.* Welcome, young man:  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding;



To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,  
A land it self at large, a potent Dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustick revelry:

Play, musick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:

You to a love that your true faith doth merit; [*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies; [*To Oli.*

You to a long, and well-deserved bed; [*To Syl.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*

Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke Sen.* Stay, *Jaq.*, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

*Duke Sen.* Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;

but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the

prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis

true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good

wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the

better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I

in

in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases <sup>4</sup> 'them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them) <sup>5</sup> 'to like as much as pleases them, that between<sup>n</sup> you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, <sup>a</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. [Exeunt omnes.

(a) Note that in this Author's time the parts of women were always perform'd by men or boys.

4 you:

5 that between





THE  
TAMING  
OF THE  
SHREW.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.  
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.*

*Hostess.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on  
the Lord.*

*The Persons of the Play it self are,*

*Baptista, Father to Catharina and Bianca, very rich.*

*Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

*Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

*Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.*

*Gremio, } Pretenders to Bianca.  
Hortensio, }*

*Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.  
Biondello, }*

*Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.*

*Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

*Catharina, the Shrew.*

*Bianca, her Sister.*

*Widow.*

*Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista  
and Petruchio.*

**SCENE**, *sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in  
Petruchio's House in the Country.*



TAM

I



pallabris,  
Host. Y  
Sly. N  
to thy co  
Host. I  
borough.

(a) He m  
(b) Go  
days, as ap  
son, Beaun  
arose first  
Spanish Tr

TH

Head





THE  
TAMING of the SHREW.

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

S L Y.

**L**'L pheeze you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue.

*Sly.* Y<sup>e</sup> are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore a *paucus pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a deniere: <sup>b</sup> go by, *Jeronymo*, — go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the 'Third-borough.'  
[Exit.  
*Sly.*

(a) *He means to say, pocas palabras. Theobald.*

(b) Go by, *Jeronymo*, was a kind of by-word in the Author's days, as appears by its being used in the same manner by Ben. Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other Writers near that time. It arose first from a passage in an old Play call'd *Hieronymo or The Spanish Tragedy*. *Theobald.*

1 Headborough. . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth-borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.  
[Falls asleep.]

## S C E N E II.

*Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds;  
 2 *'Leech' Merriman*, the poor cur is imboist;  
 And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd *Brach*.  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good  
 At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*Hun.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;  
 He cried upon it at the meereft loss,  
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if *Eccbo* were as fleet,  
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
 But sup them well, and look unto them all,  
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*Hun.* I will, my Lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth  
 he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd  
 with ale,

This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lyes!  
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
 What think you if he were convey'd to bed,  
 Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;  
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes?  
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.*



*Lord.* Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And with a low submissive reverence,  
Say, what is it your honour will command?  
Let one attend him with a silver bason  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.  
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper,  
And say, will't please your lordship cool your hands?  
Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and 'horses,  
And that his Lady mourns at his disease;  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatick.  
And when he + 'says he's poor,' say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.

*1 Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,  
As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office when he wakes. [*Sound Trumpets.*  
*Arrah,* go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

[*Sly is carried off.*

Belike some noble gentleman that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

3 horse, 4 says he is——

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*Serv.* Please your honour, Players  
That offer service to your lordship.*Lord.* Well.

Bid them come near:

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Play.* We thank your honour.*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;  
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:  
I have forgot your name; but sure that part  
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.*3 Play.* I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.*Lord.* 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent:  
Well, you are come to me in happy time,  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to night;  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Left over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
You break into some merry passion,  
And so offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,  
If you should smile, he grows impatient.*Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain our selves  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.*2 Play.* [*To the other.*] Go get a dishclout to make cle  
your shoes,And I'll speak for the properties. My lord, [*Exit Play*We must  
Some vin  
Lord.  
Let themSirrah, g  
And see h  
That don  
And call  
Tell him  
He bear  
Such as he  
Unto their  
Such duty  
With soft  
And say;  
Wherein y  
May shew  
And then  
And with  
Bid him  
To see her  
Who for  
No better  
And if the  
To rain a  
An onion  
Which in  
Shall in de  
See this di  
Anon I'll  
know th  
Voice, gat  
long to h  
And how  
When they6 shoulder  
7 these .



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We must have a <sup>6</sup> 'shoulder of mutton, and  
Some vinegar<sup>7</sup> to make our devil roar.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

*[Exit one with the Players.]*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,  
And see him drest in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.

Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies,

Unto their lords by them accomplished ;

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie ;

And say ; what is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May shew her duty, and make known her love ?

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for <sup>7</sup> 'twice<sup>7</sup> seven years hath esteem'd himself

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :

And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. *[Exit Servant.]*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.

Long to hear him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant ;

R 2

I'll

<sup>6</sup> shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar

<sup>7</sup> these . . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

I'll in to counsel them : haply my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
 Which otherwise would go into extreams. [Exit Lord]

## S C E N E IV.

*A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.*

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

*Sly.* FOR God's sake a pot of small ale.

*1 Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

*2 Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

*3 Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am *Christophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometimes more feet than shoes, of such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heav'n cease this idle humour in your honour! Oh, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? am not *Christophero Sly*, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-beath*, by birth pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? as *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What? — I am not bestraught: here's —

*1 Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

*2 Man.*

*2 Man.*  
*Lord.*

As beaten  
Oh noble  
Call home  
And banish  
Look how  
Each in h  
Wilt thou  
And twen  
Or wilt th

Softer and  
On purpo  
Say thou v  
Or wilt th  
Their harm  
Dost thou l  
Above the  
Thy houn  
And fetch

*1 Man.*

As breathe  
*2 Man.*

*Adonis* pain  
And *Cybe*  
Which see

Ev'n as th  
*Lord.*

And how  
As lively

*3 Man.*  
Scratching

And at the  
To workm

*Lord.* T  
Thou hast

than any  
*1 Man.*



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2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays,  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift  
As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee strait  
*Adonis* painted by a running brook,

And *Cytherea* all in fedges hid,  
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,  
Ev'n as the waving fedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;  
And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world,  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?  
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor *Christopher Sly*.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,  
And once again, a pot o'th' smallest ale. [hands]

2 *Man.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash you  
Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!  
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,  
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:  
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* O yes, my lord, but very idle words.  
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the Leet,  
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Flacket*.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house. [maid]

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such  
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* 'o'th' Green,  
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* By th' mass I think I am a lord indeed.  
What is thy name?

*Man.* *Simon*, an't please your honour.



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*Sly. Sim?* that's as much as to say *Simeon* or *Simon*;  
put forth thy hand and fill the pot. [*Gives him drink.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lady with attendants.*

*Sly.* I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

*Lady.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

*Lady.* Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?  
My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

*Lady.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well: what must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* *Alce* Madam, or *Joan* Madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her.  
Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept  
above some fifteen years and more.

*Lady.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:  
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink  
to her.

*Lady.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two:  
Or if not so, until the sun be set;  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed;  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long;  
but I would be loth to fall into my dream again: I will  
therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honour's Players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a commodity? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

*Lady.* No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Lady.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't: come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

*The TAMING of the SHREW.*

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

## P A D U A.

*Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.*

L U C E N T I O.

**T***ranio*, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,  
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With

9



With his good will, and thy good company,  
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.  
*Pisa*, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first  
A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
9 'Vincentio' come of the *Bentivolii*;  
1 'Lucentio' his son, brought up in *Florence*,  
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,  
2 'To virtue' and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,  
By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,  
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra. Me pardonato*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as your self;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,  
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.  
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;  
Musick and poesie use to quicken you;  
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc. Gramercy, Tranio*, well dost thou advise;  
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,

We

9 Vincentio's

1 Vincentio

2 Virtue

We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget.  
But stay a while, what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show to welcome us to town.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Baptista with Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love *Catharina*,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.  
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

*Cath.* I pray you, Sir, is it <sup>3</sup> your will and pleasure  
To make<sup>4</sup> a stale of me amongst these mates? [you;

*Hor.* Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for  
Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

*Cath.* I' faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear,  
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver <sup>4</sup> me.

*Gre.* And me <sup>5</sup> too, O good Lord.

*Tra.* Hush, master, here is some good pastime  
toward,

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*.

[your fill.]

*Tra.* <sup>6</sup> Why, well said, master; mum, and gaze

*Bap.*

3 your will To make

4 us.

5 too, good Lord.

6 Well said,

*Bap.*  
What I  
And let  
For I w  
*Cath.*  
she kne  
*Bian.*  
Sir, to  
My bo  
On the  
*Luc.*

*Hor.*  
Sorry a  
*Bianca*'  
*Gre.*  
Signior  
And m  
*Bap.*  
Go in,  
And fo  
In mus  
School  
Fit to  
Or, Si  
Prefer  
I will  
To mi  
And fo  
For I

*Cath.*  
I be a  
to take

*Gre.*  
fo goo



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*Bap.* 'Come, Gentlemen,' that I may soon make good  
What I have said, *Bianca*, get you in,  
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty Pet, it is best put finger in the eye, and  
she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by my self.

*Luc.* Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'st hear *Minerva* speak.  
[*Aside.*]

*Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good-will effects  
*Bianca's* grief.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,  
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* 'Content ye, Gentlemen;' I am resolv'd:  
Go in, *Bianca*. [Exit *Bianca*.]

And for I know she taketh most delight  
In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
School-masters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensio*,  
Or, Signior *Gremio*, you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing up;  
And so farewell. *Catbarina*, you may stay,  
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [Exit.]

*Cath.* Why, I trust I may go too, may I not? what, shall  
I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what  
to take, and what to leave? ha! [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are  
so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not so  
great,

7 Gentlemen,

8 Gentlemen, content ye;

great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both sides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre.* I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt. Gre. and Hor. Manent Tra. and Lucen.*]

SCENE

*Tra.*  
That lo  
*Luc.*  
I never  
But see,  
I found  
And no  
That ar  
As *Anno*  
*Tranio*,  
If I atch  
Counfel  
Assist m  
*Tra.*  
Affectio  
If love  
*Redime*  
*Luc.*  
The rest  
*Tra.*  
Perhaps  
*Luc.*  
Such as  
That m  
When v  
*Tra.*  
Began t  
That m  
*Luc.*  
And wi  
Sacred  
*Tra.*  
I pray,  
Bend th  
Her eld  
That til



S C E N E IV.

*Tra.* I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely.  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found th' effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear  
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,  
*Tranio*, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,  
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:  
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;  
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
Affection is not rated from the heart.  
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents,  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,  
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.—

*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance;  
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That till the father rids his hands of her,

Master,

Master, your love must live a maid at home,  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be school-master,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: may it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible: for who shall bear your part,  
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,  
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,  
For man or master: then it follows thus.  
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead;  
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.  
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,  
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man  
Of *Pisa*. It is hatch'd, and shall be so:

*Tranio*, at once uncase thee: 'and here take  
My hat and cloak: When *Biondello* comes,  
He waits on thee, but I will charm him first  
To keep his tongue.

*Tra.* 'And so, Sir, had you need.  
In brief, good Sir, fith it your pleasure is.  
And I am tied to be obedient,  
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:  
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,  
(Altho' I think 'twas in another sense)

g take my colour'd hat      i So had you need.

I am

I am co  
Because  
*Luc.*  
And let  
Whose

Here co  
*Bion.*  
Master,  
Or you  
*Luc.*  
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I am content to be *Lucentio*,  
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

*Luc. Tranio*, be so, because *Lucentio* loves;  
And let me be a slave t'atchieve that maid,  
Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you?  
Master, <sup>2</sup>'has *Tranio* stolen your cloaths,  
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his:  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me?

*Bion.* Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,  
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.

*Tra.* So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish  
after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest daugh-  
ter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I  
advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of  
companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in  
all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

*Luc. Tranio*, let's go: one thing more rests, that thy  
self execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou  
ask me, why? sufficeth my reasons are both good and  
weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> has my fellow *Tranio*

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Before Hortensio's House in Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.*

**Pet.** *V*erona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
*Hortensio*; and I trow this is the house;  
Here, firrah, *Grumio*, knock I say.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter Hortensio.*

**Hor.** *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, multo honorato Signior  
mio Petruchio.*<sup>c</sup>

And

(a) —knock I say:

**Gru.** Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man has  
rebus'd your worship?

**Pet.** Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**Gru.** Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,  
That I should knock you here, Sir?

**Pet.** Villain, I say knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

**Gru.** My master is grown quarrellsome:  
I should knock you first,  
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

**Pet.** Will it not be!

'Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,  
I'll try how you can say *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

**Gru.** Help, mistress, help, my master is mad.

**Pet.** Now knock when I bid you: firrah, villain.

*Enter, &c.*

(b) —Hortensio.

**Hor.** How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and  
my good friend *Petruchio*! how do you all at *Verona*?

**Pet.** Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutti le core bene trovato*, may I say.

**Hor.** *Alla, &c.*

(c) —*mio Petruchio.*

Rise, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.*

And tell  
Blows yo

*Pet. S*

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Signior

*Antonio n*

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*Hor.*

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*Pet. Sir*

*Hor. Pe*

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VOL.



And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to *Padua* here from old *Verona*?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows; but in a few,  
*Signior Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,  
*Antonio* my father is deceas'd,  
And I have thrust my self into this maze,  
Happ'ly to wive and thrive, as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
'Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsel;  
And yet, I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich: but thou'lt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* *Signior Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us  
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know  
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a  
lawful use for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me  
knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ser-  
vant to use his master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and  
thirty, a pip out?  
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain! Good *Hortensio*,  
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words  
plain? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and  
knock me soundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge;  
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Grumio*;  
And tell me now, &c.

3 Thoud'ft.

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S

Be

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Be she as foul as was *Florentius'* love,  
As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd  
As *Socrates'* *Xantippe*, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough  
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,  
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:  
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his  
mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him  
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er  
a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many diseases as two  
and fifty horses; why nothing comes amiss, so money  
comes withal.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, since we are steep thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,  
Is, that she is intolerably curst,  
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,  
That were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect.  
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:  
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud  
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is *Baptista Minola*,  
An affable and courteous gentleman;  
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,  
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, tho' I know not her,  
And he knew my deceased father well;  
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

(a) This probably alludes to some story in an Italian novel, and should be written *Florentio's* love. Warburton.

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*Gru.*

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And u

*Gru.*

4 ro



To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his 'rhetorick'; I'll tell you what, Sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee, For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*, And her with-holds he from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love: Supposing it a thing impossible, 'From those defects I have before rehears'd, That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd; Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en, That none shall have access unto *Bianca*, 'Till *Catharine* the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* *Catharine* the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst:

*Hor.* Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,  
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes  
To old *Baptista* as a school-master  
Well seen in musick, to instruct *Bianca*;  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by her self.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks,

S 2

how

4 rope-tricks;

5 For

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how the young folks lay their heads together. Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

*Hor.* Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the rival of my love.

*Petruchio*, stand by a while!

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous.

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

'Hark you, I'll have them very fairly bound,

All books of love, see that, at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me. Over and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your <sup>7</sup> 'papers'

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume it self

To whom they go: what will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you

As for my patron, stand you so assured;

As firmly as your self were still in place,

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

*Gre.* Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

*Gru.* Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, Sirrah,

*Hor.* *Grumio*, mum! God save you, Signior *Gremio*.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow

you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*; I promis'd

to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair *Bi-*

*anca*, and by good fortune I have lighted well on this

young man: for learning and behaviour fit for her turn,

well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I war-

rant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.*

6 Hark you, Sir,      7 papers too

*Gru.* A

*Hor.* G

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*Gre.* So

*Hortensio*,

*Pet.* I k

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*Gre.* No

*Pet.* Bo

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*Gre.* '9

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*Gru.* W

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*Gru.* Fo

*Gre.* H

friend?



Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst *Catharine*,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well;

*Hortensio*, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

[man?

Gre. No, say'st me so, 'friend? pray, what country-

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s son;

My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,

And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. 'Oh such a life with such a wife were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name,

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?

And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battel heard

Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to th'ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. *Hortensio*, hark:

S 3

This

'friend? what

9 Oh, Sir, such

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

## S C E N E VII.

*To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,  
tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the  
house of Signior *Baptista Minola*? [mean?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you

*Tra.* Even he, *Biondello*.

*Gre.* Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to—

*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

*Luc.* Well begun, *Tranio*. [Aside.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know.

1 'She's' the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.

*Hor.* 2 'She is the' chosen of 3 'Hortensio.'

*Tra.* Softly, my masters; if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

*Baptista* is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown,

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

1 That she's      2 That she's the      3 Signior *Hortensio*.

Fair *Leda*

Then we

And so

Tho' *Par*

*Gre.*

*Luc.*

*Pet.*

*Hor.*

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*Gru.*



Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,  
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,  
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

*Tra.* No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,  
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the eldest sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, Sir, that you are the man  
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest;  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,  
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,  
Please ye, we may <sup>4</sup>convive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

S 4

*Hor.*

4 contrive . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so,  
*Petruchio*, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

*Man.* My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the Play.

*Sly.* Yea, by *St. Ann*, do I: a good matter surely! comes there any more of it?

*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work; *Madam Lady*, would 'twere done!



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.*

*Enter Catharina and Bianca.*

**B I A N C A.**

**G**OOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,  
 To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;  
 That I disdain: but for these other 'gaudes,  
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,  
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,  
 Or what you will command me will I do;  
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell  
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all men alive  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Cath.* Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
 I'll plead for you my self but you shall have him.

*Cath.* O then belike you fancy riches more,  
 You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do so envy me?

5 Goods, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

Nay, then  
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 I pr'ythee,  
*Cath.* If

*Bap.* W  
*Bianca*, ft  
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*Cath.* I

*Bap.* V

*Cath.*

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*Bap.*  
 But who

*Enter C*  
*Petruc*  
*Bionc*

*Gre.*  
*Bap.*  
 gentlem  
*Pet.*  
 ter call  
*Bap.*  
*Gre.*

Nay,



Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while;  
I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*]

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?  
*Bianca*, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;  
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.  
[*Flies at Bianca.*]

*Bap.* What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in.  
[*Exit Bianca.*]

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:  
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,  
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
But who comes here?

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man,  
Petruchio with Hortensio like a musician, Tranio and  
Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God save you,  
gentlemen.

*Pet.* And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter  
call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.

*Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.  
 I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,  
 That hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
 Her affability and bashful modesty,  
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,  
 Am bold to shew my self a forward guest  
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
 Of that report, which I so oft have heard.  
 And for an entrance to my entertainment, [*Presenting Hor.*]  
 I do present you with a man of mine,  
 Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant:  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,  
 His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

*Bap.* Y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.  
 But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her,  
 Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.  
 Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son,  
 A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are  
 poor petitioners speak too. <sup>6</sup> *'Baccalare!* you are mar-  
 vellous forward.

*Pet.* Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be  
 doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing.  
 Neighbour! this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.  
 To express the like kindness my self, that have been more  
 kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this  
 young scholar, that hath been long studying at *Reims*.  
 [*Presenting Luc.*] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other  
 languages, as the other in musick, and mathematicks;  
 his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his service.

<sup>6</sup> *Baccare!* . . . old edit, Warb. emend.

*Bap.*

*Bap.* A  
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*Tra.* P  
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*Pet.*  
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*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome,  
good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a  
stranger, [*To Tranio.*] may I be so bold to know the  
cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,  
That, being a stranger in this city here,  
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,  
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,  
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*]

*Bap.* *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

*Tra.* Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

*Bap.* A mighty man of *Pisa*; by report  
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.  
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hor. and Luc.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my two daughters, and then tell them both  
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[*Ex. Serv. with Hor. and Luc.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think your selves.

*Pet.* Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste.  
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You

You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands,  
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And for that dowry, I'll assure her<sup>7</sup> 'for'  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;  
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded.  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury,  
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me,  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute<sup>8</sup> 'on' me.



did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them:  
And with that word she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way,  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
While she did call me rascal, fidler,  
And twangling jack, and twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;  
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.  
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;  
*Signior Petruchio*, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

*Pet.* I pray you, do. I will attend her here,  
[*Exit Bap. with Gre. Hor. and Tranio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;  
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.  
But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Catharina.*

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name I hear.

*Cath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing. They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*, And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst; But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in christendom, *Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my super-dainty *Kate*; (For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*; Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation!

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs: My self am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. [hith

*Cath.* Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you Remove you hence; I knew you at the first You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Cath.* A join'd stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Cath.* No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee, For knowing thee to be but young and light —

*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch; And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

(a) — weight should be.

*Pet.* Should! *Ree!* Should! — *buzz.*

*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp, i'faith you are too angry.

*Cath.* If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.

*Pet.* N

*Cath.*

*Pet.* N

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*Pet.* Nay, hear you, *Kate*. Insooth you 'scape not so.

*Cath.* I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, game some, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look a-scance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?

Oh stand'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting? Is

In his tail.

*Cath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Cath.* Yours if you talk of tails, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.

*Cath.* That I'll try. [She strikes him.]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Cath.* So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, *Kate*? oh, put me in thy books.

*Cath.* What is your crest, a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A comble's cock, so *Kate* will be my hen.

*Cath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you must not look so fower.

*Cath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab, and therefore look 9 'not fower.'

*Cath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Cath.* Had I a glass I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Cath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Cath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, &c.

9 not so fower.

As strait and slender, and as brown in hue  
 As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
 Oh, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt. [mand.]

*Cath.* Go, fool, and whom thou 'keepest, those com.

*Pet.* Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,  
 As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?  
 O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,  
 And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother, witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Why, so I mean, sweet *Catbarine*, in thy bed:  
 And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,  
 For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,  
 Thou must be married to no man but me.

For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*,  
 And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,  
 Conformable as other household *Kates*;  
 Here comes your father, never make denial,  
 I must and will have *Catbarine* to my wife.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.*

*Bap.* <sup>2</sup> 'Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with  
 My daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, Sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss. [dumps]

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter *Catbarine*, in your

*Cath.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you  
 You've

<sup>1</sup> keep'st, command.

<sup>2</sup> Now Signior

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*Bap.*

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*Gre.*

*Pet.*

VOL.

3 Ha



You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatick,  
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the world  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,  
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,  
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.  
And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,  
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Calb. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. 'Hark, hark;

*Petruchio*! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? 'then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for my self;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me; oh, the kindest *Kate*!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,

How tame (when men and women are alone)

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Catbarine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give your hands.

God send you joy, *Petruchio*! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

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I will

3 Hark, *Petruchio*!

4 nay then,

I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,  
 We will have rings and things, and fine array;  
 And kiss me, *Kate*, <sup>s</sup> 'we'll marry o' *Sunday*.'

[*Exe. Petruchio and Catharina*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Gre.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

*Bap.* 'Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,  
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;  
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek, is quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:  
 But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter;  
 Now is the day we long have looked for:  
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love *Bianca* more  
 Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth. [*Strife*]

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen, I will compound this  
 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
 Shall have *Bianca*'s love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
 Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:  
 My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;  
 In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;  
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,  
 Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
 Fine linnen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;

<sup>s</sup> we will be married a *Sunday*.

Valance

Valance  
 Pewter  
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6



Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house, or house-keeping: then at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
My self am struck in years, I must confess,  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me;  
I am my father's heir, and only son;  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one  
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts <sup>6</sup> 'but' to so much in all:  
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*  
That now is lying in *Marseilles*'s road.

What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

*Tra.* *Gremio*, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses,  
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have;  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
And let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own, else you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

T 2

*Gre.*

<sup>6</sup> not . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:  
On *Sunday* next, you know, my daughter *Catharine*  
Is to be married: now <sup>7</sup> 'on *Sunday* following  
*Bianca* shall be bride to you, <sup>8</sup> 'if you  
Th' assurance make; ' if not, to Signior *Gremio*:  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all; and in his waining age  
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!  
An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason but suppos'd *Laurentio*  
May get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;  
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but in this case  
Of wooing, a child shall get a fire, if  
I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.]

[*Sly* speaks to one of the Servants.]

*Sly.* Sim, when will the fool come again?

*Sim.* Anon, my lord.

*Sly.* Give's some more drink here — where's the tapster?  
here, Sim, eat some of these things.

*Sim.* So I do, my Lord.

*Sly.* Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

<sup>7</sup> on the *Sunday*

<sup>8</sup> if you make this assurance;



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ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in Padua.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

LUCENTIO.

Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister *Catbarine* welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* 'But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is'

The patroness of heavenly harmony;

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in musick we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far

To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:

Was it not to refresh the mind of man

After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please my self;

And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,

Take you your instrument, 't' stay you a while,'

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*

T 3

*Luc.*

9 She is a Shrew, but wrangling pedant this is

1 play you the while,

*Luc.* That will be never: tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus, Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus* disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning]

*Bian.* Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can, construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia* presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars. How fiery and how froward is our pedant! Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love; *Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe; yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*, Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master, else I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt; But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you: Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave a while; My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait, And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd, Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Lucentio retires]

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

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*Bian.* B

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*Serv.*

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*Bian.*

*Luc.*

*Hor.*

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*Hortensio*

*Enter*

*Bap.*

To 2 love



To learn the order of my fingering,  
Must begin with rudiments of art,  
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;  
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* [Reading.] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,

Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion,

*Bian.* Bianca, take him for thy lord,

Cfaut, that <sup>2</sup> loves thee with all affection,

Dol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,

Elami, <sup>3</sup> shew me pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;

Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice

To change true rules for <sup>4</sup> odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewel, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exit.

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.

[Exit.

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale;

Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging,

*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Baptista, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, and  
Attendants.

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

T 4

That

2 loves with

3 shew pity,

4 old ... old edit. Theob. emend.

That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

*Cath.* No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd  
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,  
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her.

*Tra.* Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too;  
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,  
What ever fortune stays him from his word.  
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;  
For such an injury would vex a faint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master; old news, and such news as  
you never heard of.

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio's*  
coming?

*Bap.*

*Bap.* I

*Bion.* V

*Bap.* V

*Bion.* I

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*Tra.* E

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*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hipp'd, with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to <sup>5</sup> 'mourn' in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the <sup>6</sup> 'farcin,' full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the <sup>7</sup> 'vives,' stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, <sup>8</sup> 'sway'd' in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christian foot-boy, or gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.*

5 mose      6 fashions      7 fives      8 waia

*Bion.* Why, Sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that *Petruchio* came?

*Bap.* Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

*Bion.* No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny.  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

# S C E N E IV.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, Sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

*Pet.* 'Why, were' it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?  
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike your self?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,  
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

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*Bap.*

*Pet.*

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But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes  
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

*Pet.* Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with  
To me she's married, not unto my cloaths: [words:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I could change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss! [Exit.

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Tra.* But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)  
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,  
And make assurance here in *Padua*  
Of greater sums than I have promised:  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow school-master  
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:

We'll

We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,  
 The narrow-prying father *Minola*,  
 The quaint musician amorous *Licio*;  
 All for my master's sake *Lucentio*.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gremio.*

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school. [home

*Tra.* And 'are' the bride and bridegroom comin

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,  
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:  
 I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the priest  
 'Did' ask if *Catharine* should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,  
 That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose up again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore  
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if

H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm; quast off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took  
 The bride about the neck, and kist her lips

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*Pet. G*

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*Gru. 6*

3 I know,



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With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting  
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,  
Came thence for very shame; and after me  
The rout<sup>1</sup> is coming: such a mad marriage  
Ne'er was before. Hark, hark, <sup>4</sup>'the minstrels play.'  
[Musick plays.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and  
Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:  
I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you <sup>5</sup>'must away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away my self  
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you, Sir.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you, Sir.

Pet. I am content.

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

[Horses.]

Gru. <sup>6</sup>'Sir,' they be ready: the oats have eaten the  
Cath.

<sup>3</sup> I know, the rout    <sup>4</sup> I hear the minstrels.    <sup>5</sup> will    <sup>6</sup> Ay, Sir,

*Cath.* Nay then  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please my self:  
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,  
You may be jogging while your boots are green;  
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please my self:  
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O *Kate*, content thee; pry'thee, be not angry.

*Cath.* I will be angry; what hast thou to do?  
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.  
I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.  
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;  
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head;  
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;  
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,  
I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels, <sup>7</sup>and<sup>8</sup> my house,  
<sup>8</sup>'She is my<sup>7</sup> household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;  
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,  
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,  
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man:  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;  
I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exe. Pet. and Cath.*]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

7 She is

8 my

*Bian.*  
*Gre.*  
*Bap.*  
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*Curt.*

9 is it



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*Bian.* That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated. [want

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom  
For to supply the places at the table ;

You know there wants no junkets at the feast :

*Lucentio*, you supply the bridegroom's place.

And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it ?

*Bap.* She shall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

**F**IE, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all  
foul ways! was ever man so weary? was ever man so  
beaten? was ever man so raied? I am sent before to  
make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them:  
now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips  
might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my  
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a  
fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire shall warm  
my self; for considering the weather, a taller man than I  
will take cold: holla, ho, *Curtis*!

*Enter Curtis, a Servant.*

*Curt.* Who 's that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st  
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run  
but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

*Gru.*

9 is it that

*Gru.* Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and 'thyself, fellow *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I prythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine, and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

*Gru.* Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

*Gru.* Why therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair <sup>2</sup> without, the Jills fair <sup>3</sup> within, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready: and therefore I pray thee, what news?

*Gru.* First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

1 my

2 within,

3 without,



Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Strikes him.]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale:

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

VOL. II.

U

Gru.

*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter four or five Serving-men.*

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Nath.* Welcome home, *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now, *Grumio*?

*Jos.* What, *Grumio*!

*Nich.* Fellow *Grumio*!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things are ready; how near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore not — cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

*All Serv.* Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

*Pet.* Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms: What? no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before. [drudge]

*Pet.* You peasant swain, you whoreson, malt-horse! Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along the rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* *Nathaniel's* coat, Sir, was not fully made: And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel: There was no link to colour *Peter's* hat, And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,  
T



The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,  
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in. [Exe. Serv.  
Where is the life that late I led? [Sings,

Where are those? — sit down, Kate,  
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud. — [Humming.

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogue: you villians; when?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.

As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate: some water here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd knave:

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What is this, muttön?

1 Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.

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You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Cath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choler, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since of our selves our selves are cholerick,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:

Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,  
And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter Servants severally.*

*Nalb.* *Peter*, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis.*

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency  
And rails, and swears, and rates; and she poor soul [to her]  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,  
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call:  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bait  
She eat no  
Last night  
As with th  
I'll find ab  
And here  
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Ay, and a  
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That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat.  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed.  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet; that way the sheets;  
Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend  
That all is done in reverend care of her,  
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

P A D U A.

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*  
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art of love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, 'Sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*Hor.* Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress *Bianca* lov'd none  
in the world so well as *Lucentio*.

*Tra.* O despightful love, unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a God of such a cullion;  
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.  
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hor]

*Tra.* Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Licio*.

*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall

*Bian.*

*Tra.*

*Bian.*

*Tra.*

*Bian.*

*Tra.*

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That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, *Tranio*.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

*Bian.* The taming school? what, is there such a place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,  
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient <sup>4</sup> 'engle' coming down the hill  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;  
I know not what; but formal in apparel;  
In gate and countenance <sup>5</sup> 'surly' like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, *Tranio*?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,  
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,  
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:  
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exe. Luc. and Bian.*]

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, Sir.

*Tra.* And you, Sir; you are welcome:  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;  
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;  
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

U 4

*Tra:*

<sup>4</sup> angel . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>5</sup> surely . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

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*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.

*Tra.* Of *Mantua*, <sup>6</sup> 'Sir, say you? God forbid!  
And come to *Padua*, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard,

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one <sup>7</sup> 'of *Mantua*  
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for mony by exchange  
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,  
This will I do, and this will I advise you;  
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;  
*Pisa* renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,  
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.  
[*Aside.*]

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:  
Look that you take upon you as you should.  
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay  
'Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

6 Sir? God forbid!

7 in

*Ped.*

*Ped.* O  
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*Tra.* T  
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*Ped.* Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter good:  
This by the way I let you understand,  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dowre in marriage  
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:  
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Lord.* *Who's within there?* [*Sly sleeps.*]

*Enter Servants.*

*Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own  
apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.*

*Serv.* *It shall be done, my lord: come help to bear him  
hence.* [*They bear off Sly.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Petruchio's Country - House.*

*Enter Catharina and Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

*N*O, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life. [*appears:*]

*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father's door,

Upon intreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;

But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor never needed that I should intreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And

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And that which spights me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love:

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death;

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Cath.* 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too flegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Cath.* I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick:

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Cath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Cath.* Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why then the <sup>s</sup> 'mustard e'en without' the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.*

*Pet.* How fares my *Kate*? what, sweeting, all amorst?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Cath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;  
Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat my self, and bring it thee:

I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.

<sup>s</sup> mustard without



What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:  
And all my pains is sort'd to no proof.  
Here take away the dish.

*Cath.* 'Pray, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

*Cath.* I thank you, Sir.

*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:  
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me; —  
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;  
*Kate*, eat apace. And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house,  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,  
With amber-bracelets, beads and all this knav'ry.  
What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, 'Sir? ha!

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer,  
A velvet dish; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.*

9 I pray you, 1 Sir

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste.

*Cath.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe,  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break:  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,  
A custard coffin, a bauble, a filken pie;  
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Cath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,  
And I will have it, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us see't.  
O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?  
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;  
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*]

*Tay.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion of the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,  
I did not bid you marr it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Cath.* I never saw a better fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee:

*Tay.* She says your worship means to make a puppet of

*Pet.* 'Oh monstrous' arrogance!

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2 Oh most monstrous

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Thou liest, thou thread, <sup>3</sup> 'thou thimble thou! thou liest,  
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:  
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave  
not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto  
thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not  
bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow  
me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a  
bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I command-  
ed the sleeves should be cut out, and sowed up again;  
and

3 thou thimble, thou yard,

and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tay.* This is true that I say, an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare<sup>4</sup> me not.

*Hor.* God-amercy *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use? Oh fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the taylor paid. [*Aside*]  
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say, commend me to thy master. [*Exit Taylor*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring  
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*Cath.*

And 'twi

*Pet.* I

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*Hor.*

*Enter*

*Tra.* S

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*Bion.*

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And bring our horses unto *Long-lane* end,  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a-clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Cath.* I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let't alone,  
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,  
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so: this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.*]

S C E N E IV.

P A D U A.

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* SIR, this is the house, please it you that I call?

*Ped.* <sup>s</sup> 'Ay, ay, what 'else, and (but I be deceived,)  
Signior *Baptista* may remember me  
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,  
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;  
'Twere <sup>6</sup> 'good that he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him;  
Sirrah *Biondello*, <sup>7</sup> 'do' your duty <sup>8</sup> 'thoroughly;  
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

*Bion.*

<sup>5</sup> Ay, what      <sup>6</sup> good he  
<sup>8</sup> thoroughly, I advise you:

<sup>7</sup> now do

*Bion.* I told him that your father was in *Venice*,  
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

*Tra.* Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;  
Here comes *Baptista*; set your countenance, Sir.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

*Tra.* Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;  
I pray you stand, good father, to me now,  
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son.

Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*  
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him; to stay him not too long,  
I am content in a good father's care  
To have him match'd, and if you please to like  
No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing  
With one consent to have her so bestowed:  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well:  
Right true it is, your son *Lucentio* here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;  
And therefore if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,  
The match 'is fully made,' and all is done,  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

9 is made,

*Tra.* I  
'We be  
As shall  
*Bap.* I  
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*Bap.* I  
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*Tra.* I thank you, Sir. Where then do 'you trow is best  
'We be' affied, and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, *Lucentio*, for you know  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;  
Besides, old *Gremio* is hearkning still,  
And haply then we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir;  
There doth my father lye; and there this night  
We'll pass the business privately and well:  
Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that at so slender warning  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,  
And bid *Bianca* make her ready straight:  
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here;  
*Lucentio's* father is arriv'd in *Padua*,  
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* wife.

*Luc.* I pray the Gods she may with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.  
Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?  
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
'But come, Sir,' we will better it in *Pisa*.

*Bap.* I follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*

*Bion. Cambio!*

*Luc.* What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.

*Luc.* *Biondello*, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; but h'as left me here behind to  
expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

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X

*Bion.*

1 you know

2 Be we

3 Come, Sir,

*Bion.* Then thus. *Baptista* is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?

*Bion.* The old priest at *St. Luke's* church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except they are busied about counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *Cath.* *privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in a afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to *St. Luke's*, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit]

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit]

## S C E N E VII.

*The Road to Padua.*

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.*

*Pet.* COME on a God's name, once more tow'ards our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Cath.* The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Cath.*

*Cath.*  
*Pet.*  
It shall  
Or ere  
Go on,  
Evermo  
*Hor.*  
*Cath.*  
And be  
And if  
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*Pet.*  
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*Pet.*  
*Cath.*  
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Sweet K  
*Hor.*



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*Cath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now by my mother's son, and that's my self,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house:  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Cath.* Forward I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Cath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay then, you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Cath.* Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun.  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,  
And so it shall be so for *Catharine*.

*Hor.* *Petruchio*, go thy way, the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should run;  
And not unluckily against the bias:  
But soft, some company is coming here.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Vincentio.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away? [To Vin.]  
Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:  
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake. [him.]

*Hor.* He will make the man mad, to make a woman of

X 2

*Cath.*

*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man whom favourable stars  
Allot thee to for his lovely bedfellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!  
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes,  
That have been so bedazled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsir, and withal make known  
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair Sir, and you my <sup>4</sup> merry mistress too,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,  
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, <sup>5</sup> dwelling *Pisa*,  
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

(a) In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespeare, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior. Pope.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth —

— Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman —

*Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrySTALLINE,  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

<sup>4</sup> merry mistress,

<sup>5</sup> my dwelling

*Pet.* H  
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Thy son l  
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*Pet.* C  
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Bion.

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Gre. I

6 W



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*Pet.* Happily met, the happier for thy son;  
And now by law as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father:  
The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof.  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*]

*Hor.* <sup>6</sup> 'Petruchio, well!' this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my Widow, and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

P A D U A.

*Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca; Gremio walking  
on one side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to  
need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and  
then come back to my <sup>7</sup> 'business' as soon as I can. [*Ex.*]

*Gre.* I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

X 3

*Enter*

<sup>6</sup> Well, *Petruchio*,

<sup>7</sup> master

*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio, with Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio's* house, My father's bears more towards the market-place, Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

*Vin.* You shall not chuse but drink before you go; I think I shall command your welcome here; And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*Knocks*]

*Gre.* They're busie within, you were best knock louder

[*Pedant looks out of the window*]

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the

*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir? [*gate*]

*Ped.* He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound of two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to your self, he shall need none as long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest, his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen some body in this city under my countenance.

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old master *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing

*Vin.*  
*Bion.*  
*Vin.*

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*Bion.*

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*Vin.* Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*]

*Bion.* I hope I may chuse, Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old master? yes marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*]

*Bion.* Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murder me.

*Ped.* Help, son; help, Signior *Baptista*.

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversie.

*Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is this man lunatick?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

*Bap.* You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

*Vin.* *Lucentio*! oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to jail?

*Gre.* Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou dar'st.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

*Enter Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous villain!

*Bian.* Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Ex. Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.*]

## S C E N E XI.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right son to the right *Vincentio*, That have by marriage made thy daughter mine:

While



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While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyes.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witness to deceive <sup>s</sup>'us.

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain *Tranio*,  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

*Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca's* love  
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did bear my countenance in the town:

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wish'd haven of my blifs;

What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my fake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me  
to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, Sir, have you married my  
daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to:  
but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [Exit.

*Bap.* And I to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

*Luc.* Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.  
[Exeunt.

*Gre.* My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

*Cath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

*Cath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou asham'd of me?

*Cath.* No, Sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

*Pet.* Why then let's home again: come, firrah, let's  
away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,  
love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well? <sup>9</sup>'come, come, my sweet *Kate*;  
Better <sup>1</sup>'late than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE

8 us all

9 come,

1 once.

(a) ---

## S C E N E XII.

Lucentio's House in Padua.

*Enter Baptista, Petruchio, Hortensio, Lucentio, and the rest.*

*Bap.* **N**OW in good sadness, son *Petruchio*,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife, and he  
Whose wife is most obedient to come first,  
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

(a) ----- too late.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio and Widow. Tranio's Servants bringing in a banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;  
And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.  
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine;  
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Catharine*,  
And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up  
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down,  
For now we fit to chat as well as eat.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son *Petruchio*.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:  
I mean *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceive by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

*Hor.* My Widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.*

*Hor.*  
*Luc.*  
*Pet.*  
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*Hor.*  
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*Hor.* Content, what wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Very well mended, kiss him for that, good Widow.

*Cath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round ----

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,  
Measures my Husband's sorrow by his woe;

And now you know my meaning.

*Cath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

*Cath.* And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, *Kate*.

*Hor.* To her, Widow.

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

*Bian.* Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun:

Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exe. Bianca, Cath. and Widow.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,

This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slip'd me like his grey-hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

*Hor.* Confess, Confess, hath he not hit you there?

*Pet.* He has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

S C E N E XII. &c.

*Pet.* A match, 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

*Bap.* Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

*Re-enter Biondello,*

How now, what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busie, and cannot come.

*Pet.* How? she's busie, and cannot come: is that an answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith.

[*Exit Biondello.*

*Pet.* Oh ho! intreat her! nay then, she needs must come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

*Enter Biondello.*

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand,  
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your mistress,

Say I command her to come to me.

[*Exit Gru.*

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE



S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Catharina.*

*Bap.* Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine*.

*Cath.* What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

*Cath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit Cath.*

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy:  
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*!  
The wager thou hast won, and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Enter Catharina, Bianca and Widow.*

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:

*Catharine*, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

*Bian.* Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,  
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you for laying on my duty.

*Pet.*

*Pet. Catharine*, I charge thee tell these head-strong w  
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands. [men

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no

*Pet.* Come on, I say, and first begin with her. [telling

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall, and first begin with her.

*Cath.* Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy King, thy governor.  
It blots thy beauty, as frost bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, fower,  
And not obedient to his honest will;  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
I am asham'd that women are so simple,  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts

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*Pet.* Co

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*Hor.* Ne

*Luc.* 'T



Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;  
But now I see our launces are but straws,  
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter two Servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leave him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.*

Sly waking.] Sim, give's some more wine——what, all the players gone? am not I a lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will course you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.

(a) ——indeed least are:

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me, Kate!

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white,  
And being a winner, God give you good night. [*Exe. Pet. and Cath.*]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*]



ALL'S

But now I see our chances are but thin;  
 Our strength is weak, our weapons but of tin;  
 The hands word for word, and blow for blow;  
 My heart as great, my reason hardly more;  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours;  
 Come, come, you're forward and nimble wits;  
 Would well agree with our external parts?

10. *Adiantum* sp. (fern)

and I won the wager, and you are the winner.

Now in my way, then had made a small show

1111

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ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Roussillon.

Lafeu, an old Lord.

Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.

Two young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, }  
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Roussillon.

Countess of Roussillon, Mother to Bertram,

Helena, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.

An old Widow of Florence.

Diana, Daughter to the Widow.

Violenta, }  
Mariana, } Neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lyes partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

The plot taken from Boccace, Decam. 3. Nov. 9.

PO



ALL

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Enter Ber



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ALL's well that ENDS well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouffillon in France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of Rouffillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in mourning.*

C O U N T E S S.

N<sup>1</sup> 'delivering up my son from me, I bury a second husband.

I  
Ber.<sup>2</sup> 'And in going, Madam, I weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than 'slack' it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath prosecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Y 2

Count.

1 delivering my

2 And I in going, Madam, weep

3 lack . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a <sup>4</sup>'preface' 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should <sup>5</sup>'have had play' for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

*Count.* He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon*.

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, <sup>a</sup> there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for <sup>6</sup>'her' simpleness, she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, Madam, get tears from her.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, <sup>7</sup>'lest you be rather thought to affect' a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

(a) By virtuous qualities here are not meant those of a moral kind, but such as are acquired by erudition and good breeding. Warburton.

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*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy<sup>8</sup> 'of' the living.

*Count.* If the living<sup>9</sup> 'be not enemy' to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use: and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord; 'tis an Unseason'd courtier, good my lord, advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best that shall attend His love.

*Count.* May heaven bless him! Farewel, *Bertram*.

[Exit Count.]

*Ber.* [To Hel.] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewel, pretty lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Ber. and Laf.]

S C E N E II.

*Hel.* Oh were that all! — I think not on my father, And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than<sup>1</sup> 'they are' shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*. I am undone, there is no living, none, If *Bertram* be away. It were all one

Y 3

That

8 to

9 be enemy . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

1 those I

That I should love a bright partic'lar star,  
 And think to wed it; he is so above me:  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it self;  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion,  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,  
 To see him every hour, to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls  
 In our heart's table: heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctifie his relicks. Who comes here?

*Enter Parolles.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar;  
 Think him a great way fool, <sup>2</sup> 'wholly' a coward;  
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

S C E N E III.

*Par.* 'Save you, fair Queen.

*Hel.* And you, Monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you;  
 me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how  
 may we barricado it against him to <sup>3</sup> 'keep him out?'  
 he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence  
 yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance,

<sup>2</sup> solely

<sup>3</sup> *Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails, &c.

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<sup>4</sup> rationa

<sup>6</sup> feeding



*Par.* There is none: man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach your selves made you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is <sup>4</sup> 'national' increase, and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself <sup>5</sup> 'is like a virgin:' virginity murders it self, and should be buried in high-ways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes it self to the very paring, and so dies with <sup>6</sup> 'feeding on its' own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make it self <sup>7</sup> 'ten,' which is a goodly increase, and the principal it self not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er likes, and 'tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't while

Y 4

'tis

<sup>4</sup> rational . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>5</sup> is a virgin:

<sup>6</sup> feeding its

<sup>7</sup> two

'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but unfutable, just like the brooch and the toothpick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, <sup>8</sup> 'yes,' 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* <sup>9</sup> 'Not my virginity yet. You're for the Court: There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear: His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet, His <sup>1</sup> 'faithless sweet' disaster; with a world Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he — I know not what he shall — God send him well — The Court's a learning place — and he is one —

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well — 'tis pity —

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt, that we the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And shew what we alone must think, which never Returns us thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur *Parolles*, My lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* Little *Helen*, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

*Hel.*

<sup>8</sup> yet,

<sup>9</sup> Not my virginity yet.

<sup>1</sup> His faith, his sweet

*Hel.* I  
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*Hel.* Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under *Mars*, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, *under Mars*.

*Par.* Why *under Mars*?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born *under Mars*.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes safety; but the composition that your valour and fear<sup>2</sup> make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtiers counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kisse like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What

<sup>2</sup> makes

What hath not been can't be. Who ever strove  
 To shew her merit, that did miss her love?  
 The King's disease——my project may deceive me,  
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

*The Court of France.*

*Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with letters,  
 and divers Attendants.*

*King.* **T**HE *Florentines* and *Senois* are by th' ears,  
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
 A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,  
 A certainty vouch'd from our cousin *Austria*;  
 With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us  
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
 To have us make denial.

*1 Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
 Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead  
 For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
 And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:  
 Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see  
 The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave  
 To stand on either part.

*2 Lord.* It may well serve  
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
 For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.*

*1 Lord.* It is the Count *Roussillon*, my good lord,  
 Young *Bertram*.

*King.*  
*Frank*  
*Compos*  
*Ma'yft*  
*Ber.*  
*King.*  
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*King. W*  
*(Methinks*  
 3 hide their  
 4 his pride  
*King*



*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Compos'd thee well. Thy father's moral parts  
Ma'y'st thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal foundness now,  
As when thy father and my self in friendship  
First try'd our soldier'ship: he did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the brav'st. He lasted long,  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
'Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can <sup>3</sup> vye their levity with his honour.  
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness  
Were in <sup>4</sup> him; pride or sharpness if there were,  
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clock to it self knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak; and at that time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of <sup>5</sup> a brother-race,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled: such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which follow'd well, would now demonstrate them  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His remembrance, Sir,  
Lyes richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;  
So in approof lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him! he would always say,  
(Methinks I hear him now, his plausive words

He

<sup>3</sup> hide their levity in honour:

<sup>4</sup> his pride . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>5</sup> another place,

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them  
 To grow there and to bear) let me not live,  
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began  
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime  
 When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,  
 After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
 Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
 Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.  
 I, after him, do after him wish too,  
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
 To give some labourers room.

*2 Lord.* You're loved, Sir;

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,  
 Since the physician at your father's died?  
 He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my Lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;  
 Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out  
 With several applications; nature and sickness  
 Debate it at their leisure! Welcome, Count,  
 My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thanks to your Majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

### ROUSILLON.

*Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.*

*Count.* I Will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your  
 content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my  
 past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and  
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make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? get you gone, firrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, Sir.

*Clo.* No, Madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case.

*Clo.* In *Isbel*'s case and mine own; service is no heritage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for they say bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* 'Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* Y'are shallow, 'Madam; e'en great friends; for

for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that eres my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poytam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, Madam, and I speak the truth the next way,

For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find.  
Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you? of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her, *Helen* I mean.

*Clo.* *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing]*  
*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?*

*'Fond done, fond done, for Paris he'*

*Was this King Priam's joy.*

*With that she sighed as she stood,*

*And gave this sentence then;*

*Among nine bad if one be good,*

*There's yet one good in ten.*

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, Madam, which is purifying o'th' song: would God would serve the work

7 *Fond done, fond done,*

*Was this King Priam's joy? . . . old edit. Warb. emend.*

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8 Queen



for all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parson; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forsooth, the business is for *Helen* to come hither. *[Exit.]*

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* 'Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to her self, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: <sup>8</sup> *'Diana*, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to your self; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which

<sup>8</sup> Queen of virgins, . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

which hung so tottering in the ballance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt: pray you, leave me; still this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Helena.*

*Count.* Ev'n so it was with me when I was young;  
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth;  
By our remembrances of days forgone,  
Such were our faults, 'tho' then we thought them none.  
Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, Madam?

*Count. Helen,* You know, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother;  
Why not a mother? when I said a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent; what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother,  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often seen  
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.  
You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care:  
God's mercy, maiden, do's it curd thy blood,  
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?  
Why ----- that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say I am your mother.

*Hel.* I  
The Cou  
I am fro  
No not  
My mast  
His serva  
He must

*Count.*

*Hel.* Y  
(So that  
Indeed m  
'I canne  
So I wer  
'Way' l

*Count.*

God shiel  
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My fear  
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Your salt  
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As heav'n  
To tell m

*Hel.* G

*Count.*

*Hel.* Y

VOL I

1 I care  
2 can't no  
5 I care



*Hel.* Pardon, Madam.

The Count *Roussillon* cannot be my brother;  
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble.  
My master, my dear lord he is, and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, Madam; would you were  
(So that my lord your son were not my brother)  
Indeed my mother----- or were you both our mothers  
<sup>1</sup> 'I cannot ask for more than that of heav'n,  
So I were not his sister: <sup>2</sup> 'can't be no other  
<sup>3</sup> 'Way I your daughter, <sup>4</sup> 'but he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law,  
God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother  
So strive upon your pulse; what, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see  
The myst'ry of your <sup>5</sup> 'loneliness', and find  
Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son; invention is ashamed,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true,  
But tell me then 'tis so. For look, thy cheeks  
Confess it one to th' other, and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,  
That in their kind they speak it: only sin  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?  
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:  
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me <sup>6</sup> 'true'.

*Hel.* Good Madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress.

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*Count.*

<sup>1</sup> I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,

<sup>2</sup> can't no other

<sup>3</sup> was

<sup>4</sup> he

<sup>5</sup> loneliness, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>6</sup> truly.

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, Madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then I confess

Here on my knee, before high heav'n's and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,  
I love your son:

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;  
Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit,

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be:

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet in this captious and intenible five

I still pour in the water of my love,

And lack not to lose still; thus *Indian*-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my love

For loving where you do; but if your self,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*

Was both her self and love; O, then give pity

To her whose state is such, 'she' cannot chuse

But lend and give where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that which search implies,

But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to *Paris*?

*Hel.* <sup>8</sup> 'I had.'

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

7 that

8 Madam, I had.

*Hel.* I  
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*Count.*

*Hel.*

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*Count.*

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*Hel.*

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But give  
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By such

*Count.*

*Hel.*

*Count.*

Means

9 that  
2 The



*Hel.* I will tell truth, by grace it self I swear;  
You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected  
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfull<sup>st</sup> reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy approv'd set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof  
The King is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

*Hel.* My Lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else *Paris*, and the medicine and the King,  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, *Helen*,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? he and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, <sup>9</sup> that he can't be help'd:  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hel.* There's something <sup>1</sup> hints,  
More than my father's skill, which was the great<sup>st</sup>  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and would your honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
<sup>2</sup> This well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Do'st thou believe't?

*Hel.* Ay, Madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings

Z 2

To

<sup>9</sup> that they cannot help him;

<sup>1</sup> in't,

<sup>2</sup> The

To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,  
 And pray God's blessing <sup>3</sup> upon thy attempt:  
 Be gone to-morrow, and be sure of this,  
 What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt.]



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The Court of France.*

*Enter the King, with <sup>4</sup> two young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles. Flourish Cornets.*

K I N G.

**F**arewel, young <sup>5</sup> Lord: these warlike principles  
 Do not throw from you; you, my <sup>6</sup> Lord, farewel;  
 Share the advice betwixt you: <sup>7</sup> If both gain, well!  
 The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,  
 And is enough for both.

<sup>1</sup> Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,  
 After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
 And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
 Will not confess it owns the malady  
 That doth my life besiege; farewel, young Lords,  
 Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
 Of worthy *French* men; let higher *Italy* \*

(Those

(a) *The ancient Geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine Hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two Seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum now called Rimini upon the Adriatick.*

<sup>3</sup> into

<sup>4</sup> divers

<sup>5</sup> Lords:

<sup>6</sup> Lords,

<sup>7</sup> If both gain,

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<sup>2</sup> Lor

King.

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<sup>1</sup> Lo

<sup>2</sup> Lo

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(b) Re

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of the fou

<sup>8</sup> bate

<sup>1</sup> and



(Those <sup>2</sup> 'bastards' that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy <sup>1</sup>) see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud! I say, farewell.

<sup>2</sup> Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;  
They say our *French* lack language to deny  
If they demand: beware of being captives  
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. <sup>9</sup> 'Farewel.' [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> Lord. Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark ----

<sup>2</sup> Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,  
*Too young, and the next Year, and 'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn  
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll steal away.

<sup>1</sup> Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

<sup>2</sup> Lord. I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, 'and this our' parting is  
A tortur'd body.

<sup>1</sup> Lord. <sup>2</sup> 'Farewel, worthy captain.'

<sup>2</sup> Lord. Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*! ----

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin; good  
sparks and lustrous! A word, good metals. You shall  
find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio*  
Z 3 <sup>3</sup> 'with

(b) *Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the Cities  
and States which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the last  
of the four great Monarchies of the World.*

<sup>8</sup> bated <sup>9</sup> Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Attendants.

<sup>1</sup> and our <sup>2</sup> Farewel, captain.

<sup>3</sup> /with his cicatrice, an<sup>1</sup> emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrench'd it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* We shall, noble captain [do?

*Par.* Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you

*Ber.* Stay; the King --- [Ex. Lords.

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have restrain'd your self within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do <sup>4</sup> /muster together, dress, speak<sup>5</sup>, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the King and Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up. [pardon.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands that hath brought his I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy, And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Goodfaith, acrofs: but, my good Lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No,

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will, <sup>5</sup> /an if<sup>6</sup> my royal fox Could reach them: I have seen a Medecine That's able to breathe life into a stone, Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With

(a) Medecine is here put for a She-physician.

<sup>3</sup> his cicatrice with an . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>4</sup> muster true gate, eat, speak, <sup>5</sup> my noble grapes; an if

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Is power  
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<sup>6</sup> /To wr

*King.*

*Laf.*

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*King.*

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*King.*

*Hel.*

My fath

*King.*

*Hel.*

Knowing

Many re

6 And



With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to raise King *Pippen*, nay,  
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand  
To write a love-line to her.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,  
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,  
For that is her demand, and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good *Lafeu*,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafeu.]

*King.* Thus he his special 'nothings' ever prologues.

*Laf.* [Returns.] Nay, come your ways. [Bringing in Helena.]

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways,  
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him;  
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors  
His Majesty seldom fears; I'm *Cressid*'s uncle  
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

### S C E N E . III.

*King.* Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good Lord. *Gerard de Narbon* was  
My father, in what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises tow'ards him;  
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,

Z 4

Which

6 And write to her a love-line. 7 nothing

360 *All's well that Ends well.*

Which as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience th' only darling,  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;  
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us, and  
The congregated college have concluded,  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her unaidable estate: we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empiricks, or to dissever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains;  
I will no more enforce my office on you,  
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;  
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live;  
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part, |  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown  
From simple sources; and great 'streams' have dry'd,  
When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd.

Oft expect  
Where m  
Where ho  
*King.* I  
Thy pains  
Proffers n  
*Hel.* In  
It is not f  
As 'tis wi  
But most  
The help  
Dear Sir,  
Of heav'n  
I am not  
My self a  
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*King.* A  
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*Hel.* T  
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Sear'd: o  
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*King.* M  
'It powe



Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises: and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;  
Thy pains not us'd must by thy self be paid.  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:  
It is not so with him that all things knows  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.  
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,  
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor that proclaim  
My self against the level of mine aim,  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The Greatest lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame  
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name  
Sear'd: otherwise, 't' the worst of worst<sup>9</sup> extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
't' powerful sounds<sup>1</sup> within an organ weak;

And

<sup>9</sup> no worse of worst

<sup>1</sup> His powerful sound

And what impossibility would slay  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.  
 Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:  
<sup>2</sup> Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
 That happiness and prime can happy call;  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,  
 That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;  
 And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;  
 But if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of <sup>3</sup> 'heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand  
 What husband in thy power I will command.  
 Exempted be from me the arrogance  
 To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*,  
 My low and humble name to propagate  
 With any branch or image of thy state:  
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,  
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
 So make the choice of thine own time; for I,  
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
 More should I question thee, and more I must,  
 Tho' more to know could not be more to trust:  
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest  
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.  
 Give me some help here, hoa! if thou proceed  
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt*]

<sup>2</sup> Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

<sup>3</sup> help. . . *old edit. Thirl. emend.*



S C E N E IV.

ROUSILLON.

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. **C**OME on, Sir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew my self highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my business is but to the Court.

Count. To the Court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? but to the Court!

Clown. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib's* rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belong to't. Ask me if I am a Courtier, — it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could: I will be fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a Courtier?

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, Sir, you can eat none of this home meat.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping and spare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my O lord Sir; I see things may serve long, and not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O lord, Sir — why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, Sir; to your business: give *Helen* this. And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son: This isn't much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you, you understand.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again.



SCEN



S C E N E V.

*The Court of France.*

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

Laf. **T**hey say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists.

Par. So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life; and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in what do you call there —

Laf. A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the chief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

*Par.*

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be —

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: I'll like a man the better while I have a tooth in my head: why, he is able to lead her a corrantio.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this *Helena*?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go call before me all the Lords in Court.  
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel  
Of noble batchelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice  
I have to use; thy frank election make,  
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you, one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one.

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She addresses her self to a Lord*]

*Hel.* Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, restor'd

The King

*All.* V

*Hel.* I

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*Hel.* Y



The King to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid —

Please it your Majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

*We blush that thou should'st chuse; but + 'being' refus'd*

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,*

*We'll ne'er come there again.*

*King.* Make choice and see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,

And to imperial *Love*, that God most high,

Do my sighs stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

*1 Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, Sir; — all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw *Ames-*  
ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

*[To the second Lord.]*

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

*2 Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,

Which great *Love* grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine,  
I'd have them whipp'd, or I would send them to the  
*Turk* to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take,

*[To the third Lord.]*

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure  
they are bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good

*[To the fourth.]*

To

To make your self a son out of my blood.

<sup>4</sup> *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

<sup>5</sup> *'Par.'* There's one grape yet, <sup>6</sup> 'I am sure' thy father drunk wine.

*Laf.* But if thou be'st not an afs, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into your guiding power: this is the man. [*To Bertram*]

*King.* Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy wife

*Ber.* My wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, What she hath done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good Lord, But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she rais'd me from my sickly bed

*Ber.* But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well: She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's <sup>7</sup> daughter: she my wife! Disdain rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis

<sup>8</sup> 'But' tittle thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty. If she be All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so. From lowest place <sup>9</sup> 'when' virtuous things proceed, The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed. Where great addition swells, and virtue none, It is a drop'd honour; good alone

<sup>5</sup> *Laf.*

<sup>6</sup> *Par.* I am sure, &c. . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

<sup>7</sup> daughter: my wife! ———

<sup>8</sup> Only

<sup>9</sup> whence . . . old edit. *Thirl. emend.*

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VOL II  
1 Vileness  
3 defeat . .



Is good without a name, 'in't self is so :  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair,  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;  
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges it self as 'honour-born,  
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our fore-goers: the meer Word's a slave  
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;  
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones indeed; what should be said?  
 If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest: virtue and she,  
 Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't. [*chuse.*

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy self, if thou should'st strive to

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:  
 Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake, which to 'defend'  
 I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
 My love, and her desert; that can'st not dream,  
 We poizing us in her defective scale  
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
 It is in us to plant thine honour where  
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good;  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse  
 Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate

VOL II.

A a

Let

1 Vileness is so :

2 honour's born

3 defeat . . . old edit. Theob emend.

44 Let loose<sup>4</sup> upon thee in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider  
What great creation, and what dole of honour  
Flies where you bid; I find that she which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the King; who so ennobled,  
Is as 'twere born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate  
A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the King  
Smile upon<sup>5</sup> 'the' contract! whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [Exit

## S C E N E VII.

*Manent Parolles and Lafew.*

*Laf.* Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, Sir. [tatt

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his rec

*Par.* Recantation? my lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay, is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understo  
without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count *Rousillon*?

*Par.* To any Count; to all Counts; to what is ma

*Laf.* To what is Count's man; Count's master i  
another stile.

*Par.* You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you  
too old.

4 Loosing

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*Laf.* I  
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*Par.*

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*Par.* We



*Laf.* I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wife fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy self too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy tryal; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! so my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser——

*Laf.* Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say 'on thy defaults he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal. [Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: well, I must be patient,

A a 2

(a) —eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

*Par.* Well, &c. 6 in the

patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I but could meet him again.

*Re-enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, Sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

*Laf.* Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcy with Lords and honourable personages, than the 'heraldry' of your birth and virtue gives you 'commission.' You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!



*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I've sworn,  
I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my *Parolles*, they have married me:  
I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the  
tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what th' import  
is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy,  
to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: to other regions  
*France* is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,  
Therefore to th' war!

*Ber.* It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: 'even to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow. [hard.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound, there's noise in't. 'Tis  
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,  
The King has done you wrong: but hush, 'tis so. [Exe.

9 to-morrow

A a 3

SCENE

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Helena and Clown.**Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: 't'anks<sup>1</sup> be given she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet she is not well.*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?*Clo.* Truly she's very well, indeed, but for two things.*Hel.* What two things?*Clo.* One, that she is not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's 'on earth, whence<sup>2</sup> God send her quickly!*Enter Parolles.**Par.* 'Bless you, my fortunate Lady!*Hel.* I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would she did as you say.*Par.* Why, I say nothing.*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.*Par.* Away, thou'rt a knave.*Clo.* You should have said, Sir, before a knave; 'thou art a knave; and I am before thee that art a knave: ' this had been truth, Sir.<sup>1</sup> but thanks<sup>2</sup> in earth, from whence<sup>3</sup> th'art a knave; that's before me th'art a knave*Par. G**Clo. Di*

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*Hel. In**Par. I**Hel. I**Laf. B**Ber. Y**Laf. Y**Ber. A**Laf. T*

abunting.

*Par.*



*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in your self, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.  
*Madam,* my lord will go away to-night,  
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,  
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, <sup>4</sup>'are' strew'd with sweets  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so. [Exit Par.]

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [To the Clown.]  
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E X.

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for  
abunting.

A a 4

*Ber.*

*Ber.* I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned, against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, Sir.

*Laf.* I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well, I, Sir; he, Sir, 's a good workman, a very good taylor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles*]

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to-night, when I should take possession of the bride — and ere I do begin —

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten — God save you, captain!

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is in his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence.

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I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.  
Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you than you  
have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good  
against evil. [Exit.]

*Par.* An idle Lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,  
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave  
For present parting; only he desires  
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office.

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a business; and am therefore found  
So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse than ask why, I intreat you;  
For my respects are better than they seem,  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shews it self at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.]

I will be two days ere I shall see you, so  
leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall

With

378 *All's well that Ends well.*

With true observance seek to eke out that  
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go :

My haste is very great. Farewel ; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, Sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say ?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ;  
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have ?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much—nothing indeed—  
I would not tell you what I ' 'would' — 'faith, yes—  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kifs.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not ; but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord.

*Ber.* ' 'Where are my other men, Monsieur ? farewel,  
Go thou tow'rd home ; where I will never come, [*Ex. Hel.*  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, Couragio!

[*Exeunt.*

5 would, my Lord —

6 This line is given to *Hel.* in the old edit. . . . *Theob. emend.*



A C T



A C

*Flourish.*

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A C T III. S C E N E I.

F L O R E N C E.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords,  
with Soldiers.

D U K E.

S O that from point to point now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful  
On the <sup>7</sup> 'opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
My self in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nation,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:  
And all the honours that can fly from us,

Shall

7 opposer.

Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they <sup>s</sup>'fall':  
To-morrow to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to Rouffillon in France.**Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* **I**T hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save  
that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very  
melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;  
mend his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick  
his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of  
melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means  
to come.

*Clo.* I have no mind to *Isbel* since I was at Court.  
Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing  
like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' Court: the brain  
of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an  
old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there.

[*Exit*]*Countess reads a letter.*

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the  
King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am  
run away; know it before the report come. If there be  
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,**Bertram**This*

This is n  
To fly th  
To pluck  
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For the c

*Clo.* O  
two soldie

*Count.**Clo.* N

comfort,  
he would.

*Count.*

*Clo.* So  
does; the  
men, thou  
come will  
your son v

1 *Gen.**Hel.* M2 *Gen.**Count.*

I've felt so  
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Can woma

2 *Gen.*

We met hi  
And after f  
Thither we  
*Hel.* Lo

9 hear



This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a King,  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a maid, too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between  
two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some  
comfort, your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought  
he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he  
does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of  
men, though it be the getting of children. Here they  
come will tell you more. For my part, I only 'heard'  
your son was run away.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience, 'pray you: Gentlemen,  
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither on the start  
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son? [*renew.*

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Flo-  
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;  
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on this letter, Madam, here's my passport.

*When*

382 *All's well that Ends well.*

*When thou canst get the ring 'from' my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents sake, am sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer. If thou engross'st all the griefs as thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son, But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 Gen. Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and believe't The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

[Reading]

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happily which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife? There's nothing here that is too good for him But only she, and she deserves a Lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have sometime known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good Lady, he.

1 upon

Count.  
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1 Gen.  
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2 Gen.  
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*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness: my son corrupts a well-deriv'd nature with his inducement.

*1 Gen.* Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which <sup>2</sup> 'hoves him not much<sup>1</sup> to have.

*Count.* Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you see my son, to tell him that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

*2 Gen.* We serve you, Madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[*Ex. Count and Gentlemen.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in *France* until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, *Roussillon*, none in *France*,

Then hast thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoaky musquets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim, <sup>3</sup> 'pierce the still-moving air<sup>2</sup>

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to it,

And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere

I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roussillon*,

Whence

<sup>2</sup> holds him much

<sup>3</sup> move the still-piercing air . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:  
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.  
 Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
 The air of paradise did fan the house,  
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,  
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight  
 To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit

## S C E N E V.

## FLORENCE.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram,  
 Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.*

**Duke.** **T**HE General of our horse thou art, and we,  
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and care  
 Upon thy promising fortune. [Enter

*Ber.* Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
 To th' extream edge of hazard.

**Duke.** Then go forth,  
 And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,  
 As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
 Great Mars, I put my self into thy file;  
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
 A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [Exit

S C E N E

Count. A  
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S C E N E VI.

*Rouffillon in France.*

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

Count. **A** Las! and would you take the letter of her?  
 Might you not know she would do as she has  
 By sending me a letter? Read it again. [done,

L E T T E R.

*I am St. Jaques' Pilgrim, thither gone;  
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,  
 My dearest master, your dear son, may lie;  
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
 His name with zealous fervour sanctifie.  
 His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
 I his despightful Juno sent him forth  
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.  
 He is too good and fair for death and me,  
 Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!  
 Rynaldo, & you ne'er lack'd advice so much,  
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,  
 I could have well diverted her intents,  
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,  
 If I had giv'n you this at over-night  
 She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes  
 Pursuit would be but vain.

VOL. II.

B b

Count.

& you did never lack

*Count.* What angel shall  
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
 Unless her prayers, <sup>5</sup> 'which' heav'n delights to hear  
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
 Of greatest justice. <sup>6</sup> 'Write, oh, write,' *Rynaldo*,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
 Tho' little <sup>7</sup> 'does he' feel it, set down sharply.  
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger;  
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return, and hope I may that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense  
 To make distinction. Provide this messenger;  
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,  
 Grief would have tears, <sup>8</sup> 'but' sorrow bids me speak. [*Ex*]

## S C E N E VII.

## FLORENCE.

*A Tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* **N**AY, come. For if they do approach the city  
 we shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say the *French* Count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest  
 Commander, and that with his own hand he slew the  
 Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are going  
 a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpet.

*Mar.* Come let's return again, and suffice our selves.

<sup>5</sup> whom

<sup>6</sup> Write, write,

<sup>7</sup> he do

<sup>8</sup> and

<sup>9</sup> not

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*Hel.* I



with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French Earl*; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young *Earl*; beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust are 'but' the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger 'found,' but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter Helena disguised like a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so. Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you, Pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To *St. Jaques le Grand*. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the *St. Francis* here beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

*Wid.* Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as my self.

*Hel.* Is it your self?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

B b 2

*Wid.*

*Wid.* You came, I think, from *France*?

*Hel.* <sup>2</sup> 'True, I did so.'

*Wid.* Here you shall see a country-man of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Roussillon*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear that hears most nobly of him;  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,  
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him  
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay surely, <sup>3</sup> 'the meer' truth; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the Count  
Reports but courselly of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Ah poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ah! right; good creature! wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?  
May be, the am'rous Count sollicitates her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeed,  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

<sup>2</sup> I did so

<sup>3</sup> meer the

SCENE

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S C E N E VIII.

*Drum and Colours.*

*Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.*

*Mar.* The Gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So now they come:

That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son;

That *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the *Frenchman*?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honefter,

He were much goodlier. <sup>4</sup> 'But is it not

A handsome gentleman?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same knave

That leads him to these <sup>5</sup> 'paces; were I his lady,

I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

[choly?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melan-

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'th' battel.

*Par.* <sup>6</sup> 'Lose our drum!

[spied us.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look he has

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

[Exeunt Ber. Par. &c.

*Mar.* And your courtesie, for a ring-carrier!

*Wid.* The troop is past: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of injoy'n'd penitents

There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,

Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me; and to requite you further,

B b 3

I will

<sup>4</sup> Is't not

<sup>5</sup> places; . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

<sup>6</sup> Lose our drum! well.

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

*2 Lord.* If your Lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*1 Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

*1 Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordship's entertainment.

*2 Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*2 Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*1 Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

*2 Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum

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he says he has a stratagem for't; when your Lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of 'oar' will be melted, if you give him not *Tom Drum's* entertainment, a your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

*Par.* It might have been recover'd.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instru-

B b 4 ment

(a) Holingshed in his description of Ireland mentions a Lord Mayor of Dublin so hospitable that his Porter durst not give the meanest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum's* entertainment; which is, says *Ber.* To hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by the shoulders.

*Theobald.*

7 ours . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

ment of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know th'art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E XI.

*1 Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

*2 Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*2 Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

*1 Lord.*

*1 Lord.*  
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what a sp  
very nigh  
*2 Lord*  
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*Ber. Y*  
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*Ber. N*  
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*1 Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we <sup>s</sup>'uncase<sup>n</sup> him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord Lafew; when his disguise and he <sup>9</sup>'are<sup>n</sup> parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

*2 Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*2 Lord.* As't please your Lordship. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The las I spoke of.

*1 Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'th wind, Tokens and letters which she did resend; And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

*1 Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these busineses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you. First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you, For you have shew'd me that which well approves

Y'are

Y'are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again  
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.  
Now his importunate blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds  
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Widow.* Now do I see the bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Her self most chastly absent: after this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to-night  
Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;  
'Unlawful' meaning in a lawful act,

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[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Continues in Florence.*

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six  
Soldiers in ambush.*

L O R D.

**H**E can come no other way but by this hedge-corner;  
when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language  
you will; though you understand it not yourselves,  
no matter; for we must not seem to understand  
him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce  
for an interpreter.

*Sol.* Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not  
thy voice?

*Sol.* No, Sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linzie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us  
again?

*Sol.* Ev'n such as you speak to me.

*Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'th'  
adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all  
neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be  
a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak  
one to another: so we seem to know is to 'shew'  
straight our purpose: chouch's language, gabble enough,  
and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must  
seem very politick. But cough, ho! here he comes, to  
beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and  
swear the lies he forges.

*Enter*

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Ten a clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Afide.*]

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* 'mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be what he is? [*Afide.*]

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

*Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Afide.*]

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

*Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Afide.*]

*Par.* Or to drown my cloaths, and say I was stript.

*Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Afide.*]

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the cittadel —

*Lord.* How deep? [*Afide.*]

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Afide.*]

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.



Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Tbroco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom; do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Baskos thromaldo beskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* regiment,

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,

*Italian*, or *French*, let him speak to me,

I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. *Baskos vauvado*, I understand thee, and can

speak thy tongue, *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy

faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

*Mancha ravanha dulce.*

Lord. *Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

Inter. The General is content to spare thee yet,

And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on

To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform

Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;

Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit.*

[*A short alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouffillon* and my brother,

We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,

Inform 'em that.

Sol.

*Sol.* So I will, Sir.

*Lord.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt

[*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Bertram and Diana.*

*Ber.* **T**HEY told me that your name was *Fontibell*.

*Dia.* No, my good Lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled Goddess,

And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No.

My mother did but duty; such, my Lord,

As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that!

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us

'Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,

And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn!

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true;

What is not holy that we swear not by,

But



But take the High'st to witness: then pray tell me,  
If I should swear by *Jove's* great attributes  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths  
Are words and poor conditions but unseal'd,  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:  
Be not so holy cruel. Love is holy,  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with: stand no more off,  
But give thy self unto my sick desires,  
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see that men make hopes in such affairs  
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my Lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring;  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring.  
My house, my honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee. [window;

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-  
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remain

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:  
 My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them  
 When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;  
 And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
 Another ring. that, what in time proceeds,  
 May token to the future our past deeds.  
 Adieu 'till then, then fail not: you have won  
 A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit*]

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heav'n and me  
 You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
 As if she fate in's heart; she says, all men  
 Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me  
 When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him  
 When I am buried. Since 'men' are so braid,  
 Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;  
 Only in this disguise, I think't no sin  
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

*1 Lord.* **Y**OU have not given him his mother's letter  
*2 Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since  
 there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the  
 reading it he chang'd almost into another man.

*1 Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for  
 shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

*2 Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting dis-  
 pleasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty  
 into happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you  
 shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*1 Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and  
 I am the grave of it.

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**2 Lord.** He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleishes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

**1 Lord.** Now God <sup>5</sup>'allay' our rebellion! as we are our selves, what things are we!

**2 Lord.** Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, <sup>6</sup>'ere' they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

**1 Lord.** Is it not <sup>7</sup>'most' damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to-night?

**2 Lord.** Not 'till after midnight: for he is dieted to this hour:

**1 Lord.** That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his <sup>8</sup>'companion' anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

**2 Lord.** We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

**1 Lord.** In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

**2 Lord.** I hear there is an overture of peace.

**1 Lord.** Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

**2 Lord.** What will Count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

**1 Lord.** I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

**2 Lord.** Let it be forbid, Sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

**1 Lord.** Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with a most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tender-

ness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death it self (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, <sup>9</sup> 'from point to point,' to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's taste.

<sup>9</sup> point from point,



ness: here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen busineses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*2 Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

*Ber.* I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit 'medal; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*2 Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as fate in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter, his heels have deserv'd it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

*1 Lord.* I have told your Lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' stocks; and what think you he hath confest?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

*2 Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*1 module;*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me.

*1 Lord.* Hush! Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

*Inter.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*Inter.* *Bosko Chimurcho.*

*1 Lord.* *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

*Inter.* You are a merciful General: our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*Inter.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live!

*Inter.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do, I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this!

*1 Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles*, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*2 Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse I said, I will say true, or thereabouts set down, for I'll speak truth.

*1 Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

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*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*Inter.* Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, Sir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Ckithopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Inter.* Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

*Par.* I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Inter.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

*1 Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

*Inter.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*Inter.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

*Inter.* Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*1 Lord.* Excellently.

*Inter.* Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

*Inter.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable! both sides rogue.

*Interpreter reads the letter.*

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half won is match well made, match 'well and make it:*

*He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.*

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*And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:*

*Men are to mell with, boys are <sup>3</sup> 'but' to kiss.*

*For count <sup>4</sup> 'on' this, the Count's a fool, I know it,*

*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

*2 Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist and the armi-potent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*Inter.* I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' stocks, any where, so I may live.

*Inter.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore once more to this captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*1 Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

C c 4

*Ber.*

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

*Inter.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* 'Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his soldiery I know not, except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

*1 Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.

*Inter.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession 'in' it perpetually.

*Inter.* What's his brother, the other captain *Dumain*?

*2 Lord.* Why do's he ask him of me?

*Inter.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o'th same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*Inter.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count *Roussillon*.

*Inter.* I'll whisper with the General and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*]

*Inter.* There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die. The General says, you that have so traiterously discovered



the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

*Inter.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [Unbinding him.]

So, look about you; know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* God bless you, captain *Parolles*.

*1 Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*2 Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu*? I am for *France*.

*1 Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roussillon*? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt.]

*Inter.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Inter.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Par.* Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart, let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, *Parolles*, live! I am in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive; there's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

} [Exit.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*The Widow's house at Florence.**Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.*

*Hel.* **T**HAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you  
 One of the greatest in the christian world  
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.  
 Time was I did him a desired office,  
 Dear almost as his life; <sup>6</sup> 'for which, ' gratitude  
 Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,  
 And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,  
 His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place  
 We have convenient convoy; you must know  
 I am supposed dead; the army breaking,  
 My husband hies him home, where, heaven aiding,  
 And by the leave of my good Lord the King,  
 We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle Madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust  
 Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour  
 To recompence your love: doubt not but heav'n  
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowre,  
 As it hath fated her to be my motive  
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
 When <sup>7</sup> 'fancy trusting in' the cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play  
 With what it loaths for that which is away.  
 But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,  
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
 Something in my behalf.

<sup>6</sup> which<sup>7</sup> saucy trusting of . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

*Dia.* I  
 Go with  
 Upon yo  
*Hel.* Y  
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*All's wel*  
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*Laf.* **N**  
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 tion in his  
 this hour,  
 the King,  
*Count.*  
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*Laf.* '7  
 may pick  
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*Glo.* In  
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*Laf.* T  
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8 But



*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you,  
'Bear' with the word: the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time 'reviles' us;  
*All's well that Ends well*, still the fine's the crown;  
What-e'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Roussillon in France.*

*Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.*

*Laf.* NO, no, no, your son was misled with a snipe  
taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron  
would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a na-  
tion in his colour. \* Your daughter-in-law had been alive at  
this hour, and your son here at home more advanc'd by  
the King, but for that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would 'he' had not known him, it was the  
death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature  
had praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh,  
and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not  
have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We  
may pick a thousand fallers ere we light on such another  
herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the  
fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not faller-herbs, you knave, they are  
nose-herbs.

*Clo.*

(a) Alluding to two fashions then in vogue; one of using yellow starch  
on their ruffs and bands, the other of colouring Past with saffron.

Warburton.

8 But

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1 I

*Clo.* I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in grails.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, Sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my <sup>2</sup> 'folly,' Sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve a great a Prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

*Clo.* 'Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name, but his philosophy is more <sup>3</sup> 'honour'd' in *France* than there. <sup>a</sup>

*Laf.* What Prince is that?

*Clo.* The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of darkness, *alias* the Devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but <sup>4</sup> 'since' he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and

(a) Alluding to the darker complexions of the French. Warburton

z bauble, 3 hotter, . . . old edit. Warb. emend. 4 sure

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*Clo.* If  
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*Laf.* A  
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*Count.* Y

*Laf.* La  
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*Clo.* O M  
5 page,



I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My Lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawciness; and indeed he has no 'place,' but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonder's my Lord your son with a  
5 pace. patch

patch of velvet on's face ; whether there be a scar under or no the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, his right cheek is worn bare.

*Count.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd a face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fin hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exeunt]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

### MARSEILLES.

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants*

#### HELENA.

**B**UT this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help it.

But since you've made the days and nights as one  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

(a) *A quibble is here intended from a wound given with a Carabine.*



*Hel.* I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the King,  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The King's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, Sir?

*Gent.* Not indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* *All's well that Ends well* yet,  
Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit:  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to *Roussillon*,  
Whither I'm going.

*Hel.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Since you are like to see the King before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find your self to be well thank'd,  
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.  
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

## ROUSILLON.

*Enter Clown and Parolles.*

*Par.* **G**OOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddled in fortune's 'moat,' and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly fortune's displeasure is but stutish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pry'thee, allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! look here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

*Clo.* Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my families of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

*Par.* My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late



to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't, save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion, give me your hand: how does your drum?

*Par.* O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, insooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E III.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my Liege; And I beseech your Majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'th' 'blaze' of youth,

VOL. II.

D d

When

7 blade . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
 8 O'er-bear it, and burn on.

*King.* My honour'd Lady,  
 I have forgiven and forgotten all;  
 Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,  
 And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,  
 But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord did  
 To his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
 Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
 The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,  
 Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
 Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;  
 Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve  
 Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
 Makes the remembrance dear. Well — call him hither;  
 We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
 All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.  
 The 9 matter of his great offence is dead,  
 And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
 Th'incensing relicks of it. Let him approach  
 A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
 So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my Liege.

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke? [Exit]

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
 That set him high in fame. [sent m]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I'm not a day of season,  
 For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail  
 In me at once; but to the brightest beams

8 O'er bears it, and burns on.

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*King.*

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Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The Time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,  
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole,  
Not one word more of the consumed time,  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this Lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my Liege. <sup>1</sup>'Even at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
<sup>2</sup>'Scorch'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n,  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came,  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my self,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her, strike some scores away  
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,  
(Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried  
<sup>3</sup>'To an offender) turns to sour repentance  
Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.  
Oft our displeasures, to our selves unjust,  
Destroy our Friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

D d 2

Be

<sup>1</sup> At first

<sup>2</sup> Scorn'd. . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>3</sup> To the great sencer turns a sower offence,

Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.  
 Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,  
 The main consents are had, and here we'll stay  
 To see our widower's second marriage-day: [blefs,

*Count.* <sup>4</sup> Which better than the first, O dear heav'n,  
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!'

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
 Must be digested: give a favour from you  
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
 That she may quickly come. By my old beard,

[*Ber.* gives a ring

And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead  
 Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this  
 The last 'time' e'er she took her leave at Court,  
 I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it. For mine eye,  
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:

This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,  
 I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood  
 Necessitated to help, that by this token  
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 'reave her  
 Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious Sovereign,  
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
 The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life  
 I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it  
 At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I'm sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it;  
 In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,  
 Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
 Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
 I stood 'ungag'd,' but when I had subscrib'd  
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully

<sup>4</sup> These two lines spoke by the King in old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>5</sup> that

<sup>6</sup> engag'd, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.



I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture; she ceast  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King. Plutus himself,*  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,  
Whoever gave it you: then if you know  
That you are well acquainted with your self,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger;  
Unless she gave it to your self in bed,  
(Where you have never come) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber. She never saw it.*

*King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;*  
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman — 'twill not prove so —  
And yet I know not — thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

*[Guards seize Bertram.]*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber. If you shall prove*  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,  
Where yet she never was.

*[Exit Bertram guarded.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter a Gentleman.**King.* I'm wrap'd in dismal thinking.

*Gent.* Gracious Sovereign,  
 Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not;  
 Here's a petition from a *Florentine*  
 Who hath 'some' four or five removes come short  
 To tender it her self. I undertook it,  
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know  
 Is here attending: her business looks in her  
 With an importing visage, and she told me  
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
 Your Highness with her self.

The King reads a letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife  
 was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count  
 Roufillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my  
 honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no  
 leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it  
 me, O king, in 'your breast it' lyes; otherwise a seducer  
 flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair and toll for  
 him: for this, I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, *Laf.*  
 To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:  
 Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

*Enter Bertram.*

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (Lady)  
 Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now justice on the doers!

*King.* I  
 And that  
 Yet you c

*Dia.* I  
 Derived f  
 My suit,  
 And then

*Wid.*  
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*Ber.* S  
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*King.*  
 'Till you  
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*Dia.*  
 Ask him  
 He had



*King.* I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear to them;  
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

*Enter Widow and Diana.*

*Dia.* I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,  
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease without your remedy. [women?]

*King.* Come hither, Count; <sup>9</sup> 'do you not know' these

*Ber.* My Lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my Lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away my 'flesh,' which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes  
'Short' for my daughter, you are no husband for her.  
[To Bertram.]

*Ber.* My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour  
Than e'er to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend  
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour  
Than in my thought it lyes!

*Dia.* <sup>3</sup> 'Now, good' my Lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

D d 4

*King.*

9 do you know

1 self,

2 too short

3 Good

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my Lord,  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so  
He might have bought me at a common price.  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity  
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis his:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm  
Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,  
Hath <sup>4</sup>so<sup>5</sup> been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles*.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o'th' world tax'd and debosh'd,  
<sup>5</sup> 'Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth;<sup>6</sup>  
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,  
Her in suit coming with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring,  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

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*Par.* 3

*King.* 7

*Par.* 3

*King.* 7

equivoca

*Dia.*



*Dia.* I must be patient:

You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return <sup>6</sup>'this' home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* <sup>7</sup>'Much like that same upon your finger, Sir.'

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Ber.* My Lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:  
Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* It is, my Lord.

*King.* Tell me, but tell me true, firrah, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off;  
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

*Par.* So please your Majesty, my master hath been an  
honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which  
gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this  
woman?

*Par.* 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an  
equivocal companion is this?

*Par.*

<sup>6</sup> it    <sup>7</sup> Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good Lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor did I buy it?

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I

*King.*

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*King.*

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*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my Liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you. [*To Laf.*

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bert.*

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with child;

Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.

And now behold the meaning.

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good Lord,

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,

The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both; oh, pardon!

*Hel.* Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,

I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,

And look you, here's your letter: this it says,

*When from my finger you can get this ring,*

*And are by me with child, &c.* <sup>8</sup> 'This now is done.'

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.*

<sup>8</sup> This is done.

*Ber.* If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O, my dear mother, do I see you living? [*To the Countess.*]

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:

'Now, good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief,  
[*To Parolles.*]

'So, 'thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport with  
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones. [*thee*]

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:

If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*]

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife her self, thy self a maid.

Of that and all the progress more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Exeunt*]

9 Good *Tom Drum*      1 So, I thank



## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

**T**H E King's a beggar, now the play is done:

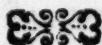
All is well Ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day;

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.







**TWELFTH-NIGHT:**

O R,

**WHAT YOU WILL.**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*  
Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to*  
*Olivia.*

*A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.*

Fabian, *Servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *Servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, below'd by the*  
*Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

*Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

TWELFTH





TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.*

DUKE.

**I**F musick be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour. Hush! no more;  
Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there  
Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,

And

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1 'And thou all o'er art<sup>h</sup> high fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my Lord?

*Duke.* What, *Curio*?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:  
The element it self, 'till seven years hence,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But like a cloystres<sup>s</sup> she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chambers round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

*Duke.* O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,  
3 'Three<sup>h</sup> sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,  
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,  
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers. [*Exit*]

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SCENE II.

The STREET.

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,  
Assure your self, after our ship did split,  
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,  
Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

Vio. There's gold for saying so.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. And knowest thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature

As <sup>4</sup> in his name?

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a batchelor then.

VOL. II.

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3 Know't

4 in name?

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*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know  
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)  
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,  
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the <sup>;</sup>'company  
And fight<sup>n</sup> of men.

*Vio.* O that I serv'd that Lady,  
'And't<sup>n</sup> might not be deliver'd to the world,  
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

*Vio.* I thank thee; lead me on.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

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S C E N E III.

*Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* **W**HAT a plague means my neice to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* What's that to th' purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling,

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relling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a 'Kestrel' that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *a Castiliano volto!* for here comes *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* *Sir Toby Belch!* how now, *Sir Toby Belch?*

*Sir To.* Sweet *Sir Andrew!*

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair Shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, Sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, *Sir Andrew*, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My neice's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is *Mary*, Sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress *Mary Accost*.

*Sir To.* You mistake, Knight: accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, Gentlemen.

*Sir To.* If thou let her part so, *Sir Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw

(a) By Castilian countenance here he means her best, her most civil and courtly looks, which he bids her put on because *Sir Andrew* is coming.



draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, Sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, Sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit Maria.*]

*Sir To.* O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question, for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff; and

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I hope

& cool my ... old edit. Theob. omen 1.

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I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*; your neice will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by wooes her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a 'cinque-pace': what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

*Sir And.* *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher; ha! ha! excellent. [Exeunt]

SCENE

9 *hak-a-pace*:



S C E N E V.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

*Val.* IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you: here comes the Duke.

*Duke.* Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my Lord, here.

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*,  
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her,  
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
'Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble Lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,  
Rather than make unprofit'd return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my Lord, what then?

*Duke.* O then, unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;  
It shall become thee well to act my woes;  
She will attend it better in thy youth,  
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

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*Vio.* I think not so, my Lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it:

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair: some four or five attend him,  
All if you will; for I my self am best  
When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best  
To woo your Lady; yet, O baneful strife!  
Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

*OLIVIA's House.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**AY, either tell me where thou hast been, or  
I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle  
may enter in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee  
for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this  
world needs fear no colours.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that  
saying was born, of I fear no colours.

*Clo.* Where, good mistress *Mary*?

*Mar.* In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in  
your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and  
those that are fools let them use their talents.

*Mar.*



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*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Clo.* Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely you were best. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Olivia and Malvolio.*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling; those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*? better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.

*Oli.* Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true 'counsellor' but calamity, so beauty's a flower:

cuckold

*Mar.*

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flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear no motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good *Madona*.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool Gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

*Clo.* God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take those wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

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*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 443

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now *Mercury* indue thee with learning! for thou speak'st well of fools.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the 'Duke' *Orsino* is it?

*Mar.* I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

*Oli.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the 'Duke,' I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Pia mater*,

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Sir Toby.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman? what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman. Here — [*Belching.*] a plague o' these pickle herring: how now, sot?

*Clo.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*Oli.*

2 Count

3 Count

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*Oli.* Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Letchery! I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil an he will, I care not give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second maddens him, and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him find o'my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown]

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says he'll stand your door like a sheriff's post, a<sup>4</sup> or be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

(a) *Heretofore All Proclamations by the King, All appointments of rates of wages by the justices of peace, and other things of the like nature were sent to the Sheriff of each County, who was obliged to promulgate them not only by causing them to be read in every market town, but by affixing them to some convenient place within it: for which purpose great posts or pillars were erected in each such town, and these were call'd Sheriff's posts.*

Warburton.



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*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Maria.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

*Enter Viola.*

*Vio.* The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty — I pray you, tell me if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very 'prompt,' even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, Sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs

is comptible,

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fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp my self, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of the moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, <sup>6</sup> sweet Lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver when the courtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring [no overture] of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as a maiden-head; to your ears divinity; to any others prophanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet Lady.

6 sweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

... old edit. Warb. eme



*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the text?

*Vio.* In *Orsino's* bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good Madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one? 'I wear' this present: is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. I shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud; But if you were the devil, you are fair.

My Lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd

The non-pareil of beauty.

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In

\* I was ... old. edit. Warb. emend.

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In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person; yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense:  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* <sup>8</sup> 'What' would you do?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantos' of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:  
Hollow your name to the <sup>9</sup> 'reverberant' hills,  
And make the babling gossip of the air  
Cry out, *Olivia*: O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me.

*Oli.* You might do much:  
What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your Lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more,  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, Lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not my self, lacks recompence.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you should love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit*]

*Oli.* *What is your parentage?*

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:*

*I am a gentleman*——I'll be sworn thou art.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon——not too fast——

<sup>8</sup> Why, what    <sup>9</sup> reverberate . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*



Soft, soft, unless 'the man the master were.  
How now? even so quickly may one catch  
The plague? methinks I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtile stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——  
What hoa, *Malvolio*!

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* Here, Madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The Duke's man; he left here this ring behind him  
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:  
Fate, shew thy force; our selves we do not owe;  
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

*ANTONIO.*

**W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you not that  
I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-  
over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps  
distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave,  
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the master were the man.

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that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound

*Seb.* No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meeke extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners that rather to express my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of <sup>2</sup> *Metelin*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a sister both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A Lady, <sup>3</sup> Sir, who, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she was drown'd already, Sir, with salt-water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that I kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* Court; farewell. [Exit]

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee! I have made enemies in *Orsino's* Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit]

<sup>2</sup> *Messaline*

<sup>3</sup> Sir, tho'

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<sup>5</sup> *Vio.*

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S C E N E II.

*Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.*

*Mal.* Were you not e'en now with the Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring <sup>4</sup>to you, Sir; for being your Lord's she'll none of it. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of *him*. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.*

<sup>5</sup>*Vio.* None of my Lord's ring? why, he sent her none, I left no ring with her; what means this Lady?

Fortune forbid my outside <sup>6</sup>should have charm'd her!

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That sure methought her eyes <sup>7</sup>did let her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly:

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish <sup>8</sup>messenger.

I should be man, if it be so: as 'tis,

Poor Lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise! I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their forms!

F f 2

Alas,

<sup>4</sup> to you, Sir, you might <sup>5</sup> *Viol.* I left <sup>6</sup> have not <sup>7</sup> had lost

<sup>8</sup> messenger.

None of my Lord's ring? why he sent her none.

I am the man——

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Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made, <sup>9</sup>/ev'n\ such we be,  
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly,  
And I, poor <sup>1</sup>/minister, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:  
What will become of this? as I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman, now alas the day!  
What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe!  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* **A**pproach, *Sir Andrew*: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can, to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink *Maria*! I say; a stoop of wine.

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i'faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

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*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith: I sent thee six pence for thy <sup>2</sup> 'leman, hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock, my Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*Sir To.* Come on, there is six pence for you. Let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too; if one Knight give a——

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

*Clown sings.*

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*

*O stay and hear, your true love's coming,*

*That can sing both high and low.*

*Trip no further, pretty sweeting,*

*Journeys end in lovers meeting,*

*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, 'faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*

*Present mirth hath present laughter:*

*What's to come, is still unsure.*

*In delay there lyes no plenty,*

*Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:*

*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

F f 3

*Sir*

(a) He means to say, impocket thy gratuity.

<sup>2</sup> Lemon . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith: come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My Lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians. *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men* be we. Am not I consanguinous? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*

[*Singing*]

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* O the twelfth day of December.

[*Singing*]

*Mar.* For the love o'God, peace.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you have



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have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.  
[Singing.]

*Mal.* Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.  
[Singing.]

*Clo.* Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?  
[Singing.]

*Clo.* What an if you do?

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by St. *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

*Mal.* Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.  
[Exit.]

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a  
F f 4 man's

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man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet *Sir Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an 'affected' ass, that can state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent, I smell a device,

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.*

*Sir And.*

*Mar.*

*Sir And.*

*Mar.*

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*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe this construction of it; for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

*Sir To.* Good night, *Penthesilea*.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight, come, Knight. [Exe.

S C E N E V.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

*Duke.* **G**Ive me some musick; now good-morrow, friends: Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs, and recollected terms Of these most brisk and <sup>4</sup> 'giddy-pated' times.

Come,

<sup>4</sup> giddy-paced

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Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio.*

[*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;  
For such as I am, all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the feat  
Where love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye  
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my Lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take  
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and 'won,'  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my Lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thy self,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:



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For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so,  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Enter Curio and Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, Sir?

*Duke.* I pr'ythee sing.

[*Musick.*]

S O N G.

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
Prepare it.  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black Coffin let there be strown:  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me where  
True lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir!

*Duke.*

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*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VI.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune: But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, Sir?

*Duke.* 'T' cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her; You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart So big to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite: No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much; make no compare

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Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe *Olivia*.

*Via.* Ay, but I know —

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe;  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your Lordship.

*Duke.* What's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like *Patience* on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed  
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* <sup>s</sup>'She's all the daughters of my father's house,  
And I am all the sons, but yet I know not ----  
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theam.

To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.

---

S C E N E VII.

*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of  
this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.*

<sup>s</sup> I'm all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too —

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*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him we'll have the bear again: and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, *Sir Andrew*?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain; how now, my nettle of *India*?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio's* coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting; — lye thou there; [*Drops a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an over-weening rogue.

*Fab.* Oh, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue,

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count *Malvolio*.

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

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*Sir To.* Peace, peace.

*Mal.* There is example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy*<sup>a</sup> married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, *Jezebel*!

*Fab.* O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

*Sir To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* Oh, peace, peace.

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—— to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies there to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Tho' our silence be drawn from us 'by th'ears, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

*Sir To.* And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your neice, give me this prerogative of speech——

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.*

(a) This is a word mistaken in the copying or printing, but it is not easy to conjecture what the word should be: perhaps *Stratarch*, which (as well as *Strategue*) signifies a General of an Army, a Commander in chief.  
Warburton.

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*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ----

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One Sir *Andrew*.

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What 'implement' have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* Oh, peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's: and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why's that?

*Mal.* To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* Jove knows <sup>2</sup> 'I love, alas! but who,'

*Lips do not move, no man must know.*

No man must know ---- what follows? the numbers alter  
----- no man must know ----- if this should be thee,  
*Malvolio?*

*Sir To.* Marry hang thee, Brock!

*Mal.* I may command where I adore,

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,*

*M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle.

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* M. O. A. I. doth sway my life ---- nay, but first  
let me see ---- let me see ----

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*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 465

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the 'stanyel' checks at it!

*Mal.* I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this---- and the end---- what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me. Softly---- *M. O. A. I.*----

*Sir To.* O, ay! 'make out that;' he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it 'ben't' as rank as a fox.

*Mal. M.* ——— *Malvolio* ——— *M.* ——— why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal. M.* But then there is no consonacy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal. M. O. A. I.* ——— this simulation is not as the former ——— and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose ——— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue 'tang with arguments' of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee.*

*Fab.* VOL. II.

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466 *Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.*

thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services 'with thee the fortunate and happy.' Day light and champion discover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do <sup>8</sup> 'not fool' my self, let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chide but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee. Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit]

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* And so could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

<sup>7</sup> with thee. The fortunate and happy . . . old edit. Warb. emend

<sup>8</sup> not now fool

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*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Viola, and Clown.*

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: dost thou live by the tabor?

*Clo.* No, Sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, Sir, I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

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*Vio.* So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, Sir: to see this age! a sentence is but a che'vril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

*Clo.* No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

*Clo.* Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[Gives him a piece of money.

*Clo.*

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3 Sir An



*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you well.* 469

*Clo.* Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

*Vio.* I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

*Clo.* The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will conser to 'her' whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wife man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; But wife men's folly 'shewn, quite taints their wit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrews*

<sup>2</sup> *Sir And.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir To.* Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi; vostre serviteur.

*Sir To.* I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the house? my neice is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

G g 3

*Vio.*

9 them

1 fall'n

2 *Sir Tob.* . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

3 *Sir And.* . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

470 *Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.*

*Vio.* I am bound to your neice, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria*]

S C E N E III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

*Vio.* My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair Princess.

*Oli.* My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him. But would you undertake another suit,

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4' *Vio.*

*Oli.*

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I'd rather hear you to solicit that  
Than musick from the spheres.

<sup>4</sup> *Vio.* O dearest Lady, ——\

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send  
After the last enchantment (you did hear)  
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse  
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you;  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? <sup>5</sup> 'to your receiving'  
Enough is shewn; a cypress, not a bosom,  
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof  
That very oft weltpity enemies.

*Oli.* Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again;  
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;  
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lyes your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward hoe!

Grace and good disposition attend <sup>6</sup> 'you!

You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me?

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, Madam, than I am,

G g 4

I

<sup>4</sup> dear Lady, ——  
<sup>6</sup> your ladyship!

<sup>5</sup> to one of your receiving

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I wish 'T' might; for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

*Cesario*, by the roses of the spring,  
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort <sup>8</sup> 'wry' reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo; thou therefore hast no cause:  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;  
Love sought is good; but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
And that no woman has, nor never none  
<sup>9</sup> 'Shall mistress be of it.

*Oli.* Save I alone!

*Vio.* And so adieu, good Madam; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move  
That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

*OLIVIA's House.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* **N**O, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy  
reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew*.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your neice do more favours to  
the Duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me.  
saw't i'th' orchard. *Sir To*

<sup>7</sup> it

<sup>8</sup> thy

<sup>9</sup> Shall mistress be of it, save I alone,  
And so adieu, &c.



*Twelfth-Night : Or, What you will.* 473

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand Jury-men since before *Noah* was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you do redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate : I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my neice shall take note of it ; and assure thy self, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

*Sir And.*

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*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at thy *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

S C E N E V.

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*Sir To.* Look where the youngest wren<sup>a</sup> of nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church: I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear

hurling

(a) *The Wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten and sometimes more: and as she is the smallest of birds, the last of so large a brood may be supposed to be little indeed, which is the image intended here to be given of Maria.*



hurling things at him. I know my Lady will strike him;  
if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VI.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Seb.* I Would not by my will have troubled you.  
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,  
And not all love to see you, tho' so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage;  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts, (which to a stranger  
Unguided and unfriended often prove  
Rough and unhospitable) my willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind *Antonio*,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks; and ever thanks: and 'oft' good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;  
But were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing: what's to do?  
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, Sir; best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me:  
I do not without danger walk these streets.

Once

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Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies  
I did some service, of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument:  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them, which for traffick's sake  
Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,  
For which if I be lapsed in this place  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.  
In the fourth suburbs at the *Elephant*  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To th' *Elephant*.

*Seb.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Olivia's House.*

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

*Oli.* I Have sent after him; <sup>2</sup> 'say he will come,  
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud;

Where

<sup>2</sup> he says he'll come, . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*



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Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Where is *Malvolio*?

*Mar.* He is coming, Madam:

But in <sup>3</sup> 'strange' manner. He is sure posselt,  
Madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

*Mar.* No, Madam, he does <sup>4</sup> 'nothing else but' smile;  
Your Ladyship were best to have some guard  
About you, if he come, for sure the man  
Is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.  
How now, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*

*Oli.* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, Lady? I could be sad; this does make  
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but  
what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as  
the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter  
with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs:  
it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.  
I think we do know that sweet *Roman* hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and  
kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness  
before my Lady?

*Mal.*

3 very strange

4 nothing but

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*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatness; 'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What mean'st thou by that, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Some are born great——

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atchieve greatness——

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* And some have greatness thrust upon them——

*Oli.* Heav'n restore thee!

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stockings——

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

*Oli.* Cross-garter'd?

*Mal.* Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so——

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a servant still.

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness,

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke of *Sino's* is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to? Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit]

S C E N E VIII.

*Mal.* Oh ho, do you come near me now? no woman man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite with thy kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of singularity, and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it

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*Mal.*  
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*Fab.*  
*Mar.*

My Lady

*Mal.*  
*Mar.*

*Sir T*  
do you n



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*Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well! *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha, does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what, man, defy the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry this water to th' wise woman. [if I live.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O Lord! —

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.*

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*Fab.* No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, mink!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* More matter for a *May* morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.*

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*Fab.*  
*Sir*  
*Sir*  
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*Fab.*  
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*Fab.* Is't so sawcy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Sir Toby reads.*]

*Youth,* whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

*Fab.* Good and valiant.

*Sir To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

*Fab.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the Law.

*Sir To.* Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

*Sir To.* I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

*Fab.* Still you keep o'th windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter

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being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Olivia and Viola.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrible message for a challenge. [*Exeunt*]

*Oli.* I've said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out.  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:  
And I beseech you, come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that,  
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit*]

S C E N E

*Sir To*  
*Vio.*  
*Sir To*

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certain,

5 Sir, n



S C E N E XII.

*Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, Sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, Sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* <sup>5</sup>No, Sir, no: <sup>^</sup>his indignation derives it self out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might <sup>6</sup>answer to him; <sup>^</sup>therefore on, and strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

H h 2

*Vio.*

<sup>5</sup> Sir, no:      <sup>6</sup> answer him;

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*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. *[Exit Sir Toby.]*

*Vio.* Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

*Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet*.

*Tw*

*Sir To.*  
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*Fab.* I  
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*Sir To.*  
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*Vio.* I

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*Sir T*

*Ant.*

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*Sir T*

*Sir*



*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 485

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Aside.*

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.

*Fab.* He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.

*Sir And.* Pray God he keep his oath!

S C E N E XIV.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will.

*Ant.* Put up your sword; if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defie you. [Drawing.

*Sir To.* You, Sir? Why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.

*Enter*

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*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers,

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke *Orsino*.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away, he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it. What will you do? now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls my self: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, come away.

*Ant.* I must intreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something; my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there is half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

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Or any  
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*Ant.*

2 *Off*

*Ant.*

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7 me



I hate ingratitude more in a man,  
Than lying, vainness, babling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* Oh heav'ns themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let 'me but speak

A little. Why, this youth that you see here,  
I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,  
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love;  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

*Ant.* But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!  
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* 'Surely the man grows mad, away with him:  
Come, come, Sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on.

[*Exit with Off.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not I:  
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*;  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass; even such and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;  
For him I imitate: oh! if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his  
friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his  
cowardship ask *Fabian*.

H h 4

*Fab.*

7 me speak,

8 The man

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*Fab.* A coward, 9 'devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* Od's lid I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do, cuff him soundly, but ne'er draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* If I do not —

*Fab.* Come, let us see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare 1 'lay mony 2 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

CLOWN.

**W**ILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pry'thee, foolish 2 'geck, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.*

9 a most devout coward, 1 lay any mony 2 greek.



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*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

*Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.*

*Sir And.* Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. *[Striking Sebastian.]*

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? *[Beating Sir Andrew.]*

*Sir To.* Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence *[Exit Clown.]*

*Sir To.* Come on, Sir, hold. *[Holding Sebastian.]*

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? nay then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*[They draw and fight.]*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Olivia.*

*Oli.* Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

*Sir To.* Madam?

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where

(a) *This seems to carry a piece of Satyr upon Monopolies the crying grievance of the time. The grants generally were for fourteen years: and the petitions being referr'd to a committee, it was suspected that money gain'd favourable reports from thence.*

Warburton.

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Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*.

Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:

Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

*Oli.* Nay, come I pray: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

*Mar.* **N**AY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this  
beard, make him believe thou art *Sir Topas* the  
Curate; do it quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self  
in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in  
such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the func-  
tion well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student;  
but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes  
as fairly, as to say a 'graceful' man and a great scholar.  
The competitors enter.

*Enter*



*Twelfth-Night : Or, What you will.* 491

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a neice of King Gorboduck, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, boe, I say, peace in this prison!

[*In a counterfeit voice.*

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*

*Mal.* Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

[*This and all that follows from the Clown, in a counterfeit voice.*

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my Lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satban; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesie: say'st thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the South North are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaine'st thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas, I say to you this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest; I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.*

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*Mal.* I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* *What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?*

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* *What think'st thou of his opinion?*

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* *Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.*

*Mal.* *Sir Topas, Sir Topas!*

*Sir To.* My most exquisite *Sir Topas!*

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters. *[This in his own voice.]*

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

*[Exit with Maria.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Clo.* *Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my Lady does.*

*[Singing.]*

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* *My Lady is unkind, perdie.*

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* *Alas, why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say.

*Clo.* *She loves another — who calls, ha?*

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand,



*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 493

hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Mr. *Malvolio*!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have property'd me; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns restore! endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.*

*[All this in a counterfeit voice.]*

*Mal.* Sir *Topas*!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

*[In the counterfeit voice.]*

Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God b'w' you, good Sir *Topas*!

*[This in his own voice.]*

*Marry, amen.* I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

*[The first two words to be spoken in the counterfeit, the rest in his own.]*

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.

*Clo.* Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, Sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am: good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

*Clo.*

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*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,  
I'll be with you again*

[Singing.]

*In a trice, like to the old vice,  
Your need to sustain.*

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,  
Cries ab ba! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,  
Adieu, good man drivell.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* This is the air, that is the glorious sun,  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?  
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,  
Yet there he was, and there I found this 'current,'  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust, but that I'm mad,  
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceivable. But here she comes.

4 credit,

*Enter*

*Oli.*  
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*Seb.*  
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*Oli.*  
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C  
F

*Clo.*  
*Fab.*  
my dog

*Duke.*  
*Clo.*  
*Duke.*  
*Clo.*  
for my  
5 May



*Enter Olivia and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the Chantry by; there before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
'May henceforth live' at peace. He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you,  
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; heav'ns so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Clown and Fabian.*

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

*Clo.* Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire  
my dog again.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse  
for my friends.

*Duke.*

5 May live

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*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, Sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my friends I am abused: so the conclusion <sup>6</sup> 'to be asked is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives; why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, <sup>7</sup> 'as' the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown*]

<sup>6</sup> to be as kisses . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

<sup>7</sup> or

SCENE

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*Vio.* H

*Duke.*

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VOL. I

8 Orsino



S C E N E II.

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smok of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

*I Offi. Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*  
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy*;  
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,  
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* 'Noble Sir, *Orsino*,  
I pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:

*Antonio* never yet was thief, or pirate;  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
*Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ungrateful boy there by your side  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love without retention or restraint,

VOL. II.

I i

All

8 *Orsino*, noble Sir,

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All his in dedication. For his sake  
Did I expose my self (pure for his love)  
Into the danger of this adverse town,  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty years removed thing,  
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came you to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my Lord; and for three months before  
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Olivia and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the Countess; now heav'n walks on  
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness: [earth]  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my Lord, but that he may not have  
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

*Cesario*, you don't keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious *Olivia*!

*Oli.* What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my Lord—

*Vio.* My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be ought to the old tune, my Lord,  
It is as <sup>2</sup> 'flat' and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after musick.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* 'Still, Lord, so constant.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,

fat

1 Still so constant, Lord.

To who  
My soul  
That e'er

*Oli.* F

*Duke.*

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*Oli.* V

*Vio.* A

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*Vio.* V

*Oli.* F

Call fort

*Duke.*

*Oli.* V

*Duke.*

*Oli.* T

*Duke.*

(a) All

written b



To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull<sup>st</sup> offerings has breath'd out  
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do? [him]

*Oli.* Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become  
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,  
'Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death

Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,  
That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour;  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heav'n I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

*Vio.* And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Oli.* Where goes *Cesario*?  
*Vio.* After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd?  
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?  
Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away. [To Viola.]  
*Oli.* Whither, my Lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband?  
*Oli.* Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?  
*Vio.*

Fi 2

(a) Alluding to a story in the *Romance of Theagenes and Chariclea*  
written by *Heliodorus*. *Theobald.*

500 *Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.*

*Vio.* No, my Lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended  
To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave  
I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My Lord, I do protest—

*Oli.* O, do not swear;  
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sir Andrew with his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God a surgeon, and send one  
presently to Sir *Toby*.

*Tu*

*Oli. V*

*Sir An*

*Toby a*  
help.

*Oli. V*

*Sir An*

took him

*Duke.*

*Sir A*

head for

by Sir *T*

*Vio.*

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But I be

*Sir A*

hurt me

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he had

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*Duke*

*Sir T*

end on'

*Clo.*

eyes we

*Sir T*

I hate a

*Oli.*

them?

*Sir*

togethe

*Sir*

a knave

*Oli.*

2

*Oli.*



*Twelfth-Night : Or, What you will.* 501

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* H'as broke my head a-crofs, and given *Sir Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, *Sir Andrew*?

*Sir And.* The 'Duke's' gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, *Cesario*?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by *Sir Toby*.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Enter Sir Toby and Clown.*

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes *Sir Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O he's drunk, *Sir*, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, *Sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

*Sir To.* Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull? [*Exe. Clo. To. and And.*]

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

2 Count's

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your uncle:  
But had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*  
You throw a strange regard on me, by which  
I do perceive it hath offended you;  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other, but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

*Seb. Antonio,* O my dear *Antonio!*  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* *Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear st thou that, *Antonio!*

*Ant.* How have you made division of your self?  
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

*Ol.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:  
Nor can there be a deity in my nature  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:  
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of *'Metelin;* *Sebastian* was my father,  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:  
So went he suited to his watry tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were y  
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*Vio.*

*Seb.*

*Vio.*

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*Vio.*

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*Vio.*

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*Duke*

And let



*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 503

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, thrice welcome, drowned *Viola*!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth  
Had numbred thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul;  
He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;  
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town  
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was <sup>4</sup> 'preferr'd' to serve this noble Duke.

All the occurrents of my fortune since  
<sup>5</sup> 'Have' been between this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:

[*To Olivia.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times [To *Viola.*  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

I i 4

*Vio.*

4 preserv'd . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

5 Hath

504 *Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.*

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.*

A most <sup>6</sup> 'distracting' frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, firrah?

*Clo.* Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves  
end as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ  
a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning.  
But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not  
much when they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool de-  
livers the mad-man — *By the Lord, Madam,* — [*Reads.*

*Oli.* How now, art mad?

*Clo.* No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your  
Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow  
*Vox.*

*Oli.* Pr'ythee read it i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is  
to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, firrah.

[*To Fabian.*

*Fab.* [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me,*  
*and the world shall know it: though you have put me into*  
*darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet*  
*have I benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have*  
*your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on;*  
*with the which I doubt not but to do my self much right, or*  
*you*



*Twelfth-Night : Or, What you will.* 505

*you much shame : think of me as you please : I leave my duty  
a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly us'd Malvolio.*

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, Madam.

*Duke.* This favours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister, as a wife,  
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you;  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.  
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,  
So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be  
'Your master's mistress, and his sister she.'

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Duke.* Is this the mad-man?

*Oli.* Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.  
You must not now deny it is your hand.  
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,  
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon

7 Your master's mistress

*Oliv.* A sister, — you are she.

506 *Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.*

Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?  
And acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck or gull  
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

*Oli.* Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,  
Tho', I confess, much like the character:  
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,  
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;  
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;  
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*  
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ  
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,  
In recompence whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

*Clo.* Why, some are born great, some atchieve greatness,  
and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was one, Sir,  
in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one:  
by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember,  
Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you  
smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirlgigg of time  
brings in his revenges.

*Mal.*



*Twelfth-Night: Or, What you will.* 507

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:

He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. <sup>8</sup> 'In the mean time,' sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. *Cesario*, come,

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But when in other habits you are seen,

*Orsino's* mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,*

*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*

*A foolish thing was but a toy,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*By swaggering could I never thrive,*

*For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my <sup>9</sup> 'bed,'*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*With tofs-pots <sup>1</sup> 'I had drunken head,'*

*For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,*

*With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done,*

*And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[*Exit,*

<sup>8</sup> Mean time,

<sup>9</sup> beds,

<sup>1</sup> still had drunken heads,

THE





DRAMMATIC PERSONAE.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

Polixenes, King of Babilonia.

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.

Hermione, Daughter of Sicilia.



Cleomenes, Sicilian Gentleman.

Dion.

Other Sicilian Lords.

Archimedes, a Lord of Babilonia.

Old Shepherd, reputed a Sorcerer.

THE

Chorus, his Son.

Autolycus, a Roguish Pedlar.

A Woman.

Time, as Chorus.

W I N T E R ' S

T A L E.

SCENE, partly in Sicilia, and partly in Babilonia.

The plot taken from the old story-book of Dorothea and Polydore.

M. B. The Country here call'd Babilonia hath is all former times



being a wondrous country of many famous cities, and  
in the midst of which Babilonia is the chiefest, and  
the most populous: and as the book hath a great many  
in the old story-book of Dorothea and Polydore, and  
many other adventures and other things, which I have  
expressed in this play, and have the most parting  
tyranny and cruelty of the old tyrant Dorothea, and  
right and true king again to Polixenes, by a little  
alteration have been made of the old story.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*  
Polixenes, *King of Bithynia.*  
Mamillus, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*  
Florizel, *Prince of Bithynia.*  
Camillo,  
Antigonus, } *Sicilian Lords.*  
Cleomines, }  
Dion, }  
*Other Sicilian Lords.*  
Archidamus, *a Lord of Bithynia.*  
Old Shepberd, *reputed Father of Perdita.*  
Clown, *his Son.*  
Autolicus, *a Roguish Pedlar.*  
*A Mariner.*  
Time, *as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*  
Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*  
Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*  
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*  
Mopsa, } *Shepherdesses.*  
Dorcas, }

*Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bithynia.*

*The plot taken from the old story-book of Dorastus and Faunia.*

N. B. *The Country here call'd Bithynia hath in all former Editions been printed Bohemia an inland kingdom situated nearly in the center of Europe, whereas many of the great incidents of the Play turn upon its being a maritime country of which Polixenes was the King. This is a blunder and an absurdity of which Shakespear in justice ought not to be thought capable: and as he hath turn'd quite anew the story contain'd in the old paltry book of Dorastus and Faunia, changing most of the main circumstances and all the names of the Persons; it is probable he removed this impropriety and placed the scene in Bithynia, which the ignorance and negligence of the first Transcribers or Printers might corrupt and bring back again to Bohemia by a less variation in the letters than they have been guilty of in numberless other places of this Work.*

THE





THE  
*WINTER'S TALE.*

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

*Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.*

ARCHIDAMUS.

**I**F you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit <sup>1</sup> *Bitby-*  
*nia*,<sup>2</sup> on the like occasion whereon my ser-  
vices are now on foot, you shall see, as I  
have said, great difference betwixt our *Bitby-*  
*nia* and your *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sick-*  
*lia* means to pay *Bitbynia* the visitation which he justly  
owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we  
will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

*Com.* 'Beseech you—

*Arch.* Verily I speak it in the freedom of my know-  
ledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—  
I know not what to say—we will give you sleepy drinks,  
that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may,  
tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.*

<sup>1</sup> *Bohemia*, . . . the same correction of the name of the Country  
thro' the play.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's giv'n freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bitbynia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heav'ns continue their <sup>2</sup> 'love!

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watry star hath been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burthen; time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,

And

<sup>2</sup> loves!

And yet

Go hence

Yet stand

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*Leo.* S

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*Pol.* S

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*Leo.* V

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*Pol.* M

*Leo.* C

*Pol.* V

*Leo.* V

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He's bea

*Leo.*

VOL.

3 that



And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply  
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more  
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,  
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:  
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence: <sup>3</sup>'there' may blow  
<sup>4</sup>'Some' sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
This is put forth too <sup>5</sup>'early:' besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, <sup>6</sup>'beseech you!'  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world  
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now  
Were there necessity in your request, altho'  
<sup>7</sup>'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewel, our brother!

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until  
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,  
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure  
All in *Bitbynia's* well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

VOL. II. K k Her.

3 that 4 no 5 truly: 6 beseech you, so;

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;  
 But let him say so then, and let him go;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.  
 Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure [To Polixenes.  
 The borrow of a week. When at *Bitbynia*  
 You take my Lord, I'll give you my commission  
 To let him there a month, behind the gestic  
 Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;  
 I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind  
 What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, Madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will.

*Pol.* I may not verily.

*Her.* Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,  
 Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,  
 Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily  
 You shall not go; a Lady's *verily* is  
 As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?  
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
 Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees  
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?  
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,  
 One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;  
 Which is for me less easie to commit,  
 Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your goaler then,  
 But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you  
 Of my Lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:  
 You were pretty Lordings then?

*Pol.* We were, fair Queen,  
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
 But such a-day to-morrow as to-day,  
 And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my Lord the verier wag o'th' two?

*Pol.*

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*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,  
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd  
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly, *not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather  
You have tript since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to's; for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* 'Oh! Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,  
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer,  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not  
With any but with us.

*Leo.* Is he won yet?

*Her.* He'll stay, my Lord.

*Leo.* At my request he would not:

*Hermione*, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never?

*Leo.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't before?  
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages. You may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:

K k 2

My

My last good deed was to intreat his stay ;  
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
 But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?  
 Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when  
 Three crabbed months had sower'd themselves to death,  
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
 And clepe thy self my love; then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

Her. <sup>8</sup> 'This is grace' indeed.  
 Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;  
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
 The other, for some while a friend.

Leo. <sup>9</sup> 'Too hot' ——— [Aside.  
 To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
 I have *tremor cordis* on me ——— my heart dances,  
 But not for joy ——— not joy ——— this entertainment  
 May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
 From heartiness, from <sup>1</sup> 'bounty's fertile' bosom;  
 And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;  
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,  
 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles  
 As in a looking-glass — and then to sigh, as 'twere  
 The mort o' th' deer; <sup>2</sup> oh, that is entertainment  
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows ——— *Mamillus*,  
 Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I' fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy nose?  
 They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;

[Wipes the boy's face.

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

Upon

(a) *A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.*

Theobald.

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis grace

<sup>9</sup> Too hot, too hot ———

<sup>1</sup> bounty, fertile

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<sup>5</sup> Pol.

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*grow ru*

<sup>2</sup> we

<sup>5</sup> Po

Le

<sup>6</sup> Yo



Upon his palm — how now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord. [have,

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I  
To be full like me. Yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing; but were they false,  
As o'er-dy'd blacks, <sup>2</sup> as winds, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,  
To say this boy <sup>3</sup> 'is' like me. Come, Sir page,  
Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.  
Most dear'st, my collop — can thy dam? may't be?  
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.  
Thou dost make possible, things <sup>3</sup> 'not to be' so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams, (how can this be?)  
With what's unreal, thou coactive art!  
And fellow'st <sup>4</sup> 'nothings.' Then 'tis very credent  
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission; and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

<sup>5</sup> Pol. How? my Lord?

What cheer? how is it with you, my best brother?

Her. 'You seem to hold a brow of much distraction.  
Are <sup>7</sup> you not mov'd, my Lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!  
Its tenderness! and make it self a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

K k 3

OF

(a) A black dye being used in too great quantity doth not only make  
the cloth to rot upon which it is put, but the colour it self to fade and  
grow rusty much the sooner.

<sup>2</sup> were                      <sup>3</sup> not be                      <sup>4</sup> nothing.

<sup>5</sup> Pol. How, my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

<sup>6</sup> You look, as if you held                      <sup>7</sup> not you

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
 Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,  
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
 Left it should bite its master, and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash, this gentleman! Mine honest friend,  
 Will you take eggs for mony?

*Mam.* 'No, I'll fight.'

*Leo.* You will! why, happy man be's dole! My brother,  
 Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we  
 Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, Sir,  
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
 My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;  
 He makes a *July's* day short as *December*,  
 And with his varying childishness, cures in me  
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

*Leo.* So stands this Squire  
 Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,  
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,  
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:  
 Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:  
 Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's  
 Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
 We are yours i' th' garden: shall's attend you there?

*Leo.* To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,  
 Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,  
 Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;  
 Go to, go to. —

[*Aside, observing Her.*  
 How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!  
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and Attendants. Manent Leo. Mam.*  
*and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already!

\* No, my Lord, I'll fight.

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Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.  
Go play, boy, play ---- thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play --- there have been,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,  
That little thinks she has ben sluic'd in's absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; a many a thousand of's  
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leo.* Why, that's some comfort.

9 What? is *Camillo* there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Leo.* Go play, *Mamillus* — thou'rt an honest man,

[Exit *Mamillus*.]

S C E N E III

*Camillo*; this great Sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make 'the' anchor hold;  
When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leo.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions made;  
His business more material.

K k 4

*Leo.*

(a) ---- predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.  
From east, west, north and south, be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly. Know't,  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage: many, &c.

9 What? *Camillo*?

I his

*Leo.* Didst perceive it?  
 They're here with me already; whisp'ring <sup>2</sup>'round,  
*Sicilia* is a — so forth; 'tis far gone, } *Aside.*  
 When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*,  
 That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good Queen's entreaty.

*Leo.* At the Queen's be't; good should be pertinent;  
 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
 By any understanding pate but thine?  
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
 More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,  
 But of the finer natures? by some severals  
 Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes  
 Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my Lord? I think most understand  
*Bithynia* stays here longer.

<sup>3</sup> *Leo.* Ha? stays here longer. Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
 Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leo.* Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy? —  
 Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camillo*,  
 With all the things nearest my heart, <sup>4</sup>with all  
 My chamber counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou  
 Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
 In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my Lord?

*Leo.* To bide upon't. — thou art not honest, or,  
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
 Which <sup>5</sup>'hockles honesty behind, restraining  
 From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,

<sup>2</sup> rounding.

<sup>3</sup> *Leo.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leo.* Ay, but why?

<sup>4</sup> as well

<sup>5</sup> hoxes

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And therein negligent ; or else a fool,  
That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious Lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth: in your affairs, my Lord,  
If ever I were wilful negligent,  
It was my folly; if <sup>6</sup>injuriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace,  
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass  
By its own visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leo.* Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*,  
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man, that does not think't)  
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess,  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say,  
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth plight: say't and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less

6 industriously

Than

Than this, which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, tho' true.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs: theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing, *Bitbynia* nothing,  
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my Lord.

*Leo.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected, as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
About his neck, *Bitbynia*; who if I  
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes  
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts; they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou  
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see  
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,

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How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,  
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,  
7 Like a malicious poison:<sup>7</sup> but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable,  
8 So lov'd.<sup>8</sup>

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot:  
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint my self in this vexation? Sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
9 Is goads, and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps:  
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,  
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;  
Without ripe moving to't would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,  
I do, and will fetch off *Bithynia* for't:  
Provided that when he's remov'd, your Highness  
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms  
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bithynia*,  
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

Leo.

7 maliciously like poison:

8 I have lov'd thee.

9 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails

*Leo.* This is all.

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my Lord.

*Leo.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*]

*Cam.* O miserable Lady! but for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master, one,  
Who in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too. To do this deed  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,  
Let villainy it self forswear't. I must  
Forfake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes *Bithynia*.

# S C E N E IV.

*Enter Polixenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange! methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day, *Camillo*!

*Cam.* Hail, most royal Sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i'th' Court?

*Cam.* None rare, my Lord.

*Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he  
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* I

*Pol.* H

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*Cam.* Sir

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Cam. I dare not <sup>1</sup> 'know.\

[dare not

Pol. How, dare not? <sup>2</sup> 'dare not? you do know,\ and

Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts:

For to your self, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
My self thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.  
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo,  
As you are certainly a gentleman,  
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,  
In whose <sup>a</sup> success we are gentle) I beseech you,  
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not  
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,  
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him

That

(a) Success *here is to be understood in the same sense as* Succession.

Warburton.

<sup>1</sup> know my Lord.      <sup>2</sup> do not? do you know,

That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it; or both your self and me  
Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Cam.* I am <sup>3</sup> 'appointed, Sir, to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turn  
To an infected gelly, and my name  
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear <sup>4</sup> 'this though' over  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences; you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake  
The fabrick of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty  
That lyes inclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,  
And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,

<sup>3</sup> appointed him,

<sup>4</sup> his thought . . . old edit. *Theob. smit*

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For by t  
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I dare no  
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<sup>5</sup> 'His' ex  
*Pol.* I  
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I will resp  
Thou bear  
*Cam.* It  
The keys  
To take th

<sup>5</sup> There



Clear them o'th' city. For my self, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,  
For by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by't; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth,  
'His' execution sworn:

*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago. This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:  
Good expedition be my friend! 'Heav'n' comfort  
The gracious Queen, part of his theam, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, *Camillo*,  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear't my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness  
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

5 Thereon his

6 and



ACT



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you, he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious Lord,  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why 'so, pray, my Lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

'Like' a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,  
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a Lady's nose  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new Prince  
One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late

7 so, my

8 Or

Into

Into a good

Her. W

I am for y

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Mam. I

Her. A

Mam. I

For winter

Her. L

Come on,

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Mam. I

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Her. C

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Leo. W

Lord. F

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9 them



Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her!

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now  
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best

For winter. I have one of sprights and goblins.

*Her.* Let us have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,  
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man —

*Her.* Nay, come sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly:  
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then, and give it me in mine ear.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.*

*Leo.* Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

*Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never  
Saw I men scowr so on their way: I ey'd 'em  
On even to their ships.

*Leo.* How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd

In being so blest! there may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

*Camillo* was his help in this, his pander:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,

VOL. II.

L I

Whom

9 them even

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
 He hath discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will: how came the posterns  
 So easily open?

*Lord.* By his great authority,  
 'Which hath prevailed oftentimes no less  
 Than so on your command,

*Leo.* I know't too well.  
 Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him;  
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leo.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her,  
 Away with him, and let her sport her self  
 With that she's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* 'I'd but say he had not;  
 And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

*Leo.* You, my Lords,  
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
 To say she is a goodly Lady, and  
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:  
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
 Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight  
 The shrug, the hum, or ha, these pretty brands  
 That calumny doth use, oh, I am out,  
 That mercy 'doth,' (for calumny will fear  
 Virtue it self) these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
 When you have said she's goodly, come between  
 Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,  
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
 She's an adult'ress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,

<sup>1</sup> Which often hath no less prevail'd

<sup>2</sup> But I'd

<sup>3</sup> do's

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 He were  
 Do but  
*Leo.* Y

*Polixenes*  
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<sup>4</sup> That  
<sup>7</sup> an af



The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leo.* You have mistook, my Lady,  
*Polixenes* for *Leontes*. O thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the Prince and beggar. I have said  
She's an adult'ress, I have said with whom:  
More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is  
A federary with her, one that knows  
What she should be asham'd to know her self,  
But with her most vile principal; that she's  
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
4 'The vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? gentle my Lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leo.* No, if 5 'I do mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The center is not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:  
He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty  
6 'In that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns;  
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look  
With 7 'aspect of more favour.' Good my Lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have

L 1 2

That

4 That

5 I mistake

6 But

7 an aspect more favourable.

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
 Worfe than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my Lords,  
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
 The King's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?

[ness,

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your High-  
 My women may be with me, for you see  
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,  
 There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress  
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
 As I come out; this action, I now go on,  
 Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,  
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
 I trust I shall. My women, come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[Ex. Queen guarded, and Ladies.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice  
 Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,  
 Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my Lord,  
 I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,  
 Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless  
 I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean  
 In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove  
 She's otherwise, I'll keep my <sup>s</sup> 'stable-stand' where

I lodge

(a) Stable-stand (*stabilis statio* as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the Forest-Laws, and signifies a place where a Deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing Deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation with a gun or bow in his hand was presumed to be an offender and had the name of a Stable-stand. In all former editions this hath been printed stables, and it may perhaps be objected that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing stable short the measure will very well bear it according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakespear never scruples to use.

8 stables

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Leo. F

Lord.

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I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:  
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord!

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:  
You are abused by some putter-on,  
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damm him: be she honour-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters; th' eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,  
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib my self, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose; I see't, and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus; and see withal

[Laying hold of his arm.

The instruments 'I feel.

Ant. If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty,  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,  
Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have your honour true, than your suspicion;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we  
Commune with you for this? 'not rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness

L 1 3

Imparts

9 that

1 but

Imparts this; which if you, or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill, cannot, or will not  
Relish a truth like us; inform your selves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, <sup>2</sup> 'are' all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my Liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
Without more overture.

*Leo.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation \*  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding;  
Yet for a greater confirmation,  
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I've dispatch'd in post,  
To sacred *Delfbos*, to *Apollo's* temple,  
*Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the Oracle  
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall <sup>3</sup> 'stop or spur me on.' Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done, my Lord.

*Leo.* Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle  
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good  
From our free person she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,  
We are to speak in publick; for this business  
Will raise us all.

(a) *The word approbation here signifies, proof.*

*Warburton.*

<sup>2</sup> is

<sup>3</sup> stop, or spur me.

*Ant.*  
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*Enter*

*Pau.* T

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*Pau.*  
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*Emilia?*

*Goa.*  
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*Goa.*  
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*Pau.*  
Be it so,

4 so ple



*Ant.* To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

[*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A PRISON.

*Enter Paulina and a Gentleman, with other Attendants.*

*Pau.* **T**HE keeper of the prison, call to him:  
[*Exit Gent.*

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,  
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison? now, good Sir, [*Goaler.*  
You know me, do you not? [*Re-enter Gentleman with the*  
*Goa.* For a worthy Lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Pau.* Pray you then  
Conduct me to the Queen.

*Goa.* I may not, Madam;  
To th' contrary I have express commandment.

*Pau.* Here's a-do  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?  
*Emilia?*

*Goa.* 4 'If it so please you, Madam,  
To put a-part these your attendants, I  
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

*Pau.* 5 'I pray now, call her:  
Withdraw your selves. [*To her Attendants who go out.*

*Goa.* And, Madam, I must be  
Present 6 'at all your conference.

*Pau.* 7 'Well, well;  
Be it so, pr'ythee.

L I 4

*Enter*

4 so please you, 5 I pray you now, 6 at your 7 Well;

*Enter Emilia.*

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,  
As passeth colouring. Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious Lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,  
Which never tender Lady hath born greater,  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Pau.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives  
Much comfort in't; says, my poor prisoner,  
I'm innocent as you.

*Pau.* I dare be sworn:

These dang'rous, unsafe luns i'th' King, beshrew them!  
He must be told of it, and shall; the office  
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,  
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy Madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there's no Lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your Ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,  
Who but to-day hammer'd 'on' this design,

But durst  
Lest she

*Paul.*

I'll use th  
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*Emil.*

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*Goa.*

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*Pau.*

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*Enter*

*Leo.*

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But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be deny'd.

*Paul.* Tell her, *Emilia*,  
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't  
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.

*Goa.* Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Pau.* You need not fear it, Sir;  
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is  
By law and process of great nature thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to  
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

*Goa.* I do believe it.

*Pau.* Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

---

S C E N E IV.

*The PALACE.*

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other Attendants.*

*Leo.* **N**OR night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if  
The cause were not in being; part o' th' cause  
She, the adult'ress; for the harlot-King  
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank  
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

*Enter*

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attend.* My Lord.

*Leo.* How does the boy?

*Atten.* He took good rest

To-night, 'tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leo.* To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight 'declin'd and droop'd,' took it most deeply,  
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,  
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him.

[*Ex. Attend.*

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoils upon me; in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him  
Be 'till a time may serve. For present vengeance,  
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
Shall she within my power.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Paulina with a Child.*

*Lord.* You must not enter.

*Pau.* Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded  
None should come at him.

*Pau.* Not so hot, good Sir,  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh

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*Pau.*

2



At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leo.* What noise there, ho?

*Pau.* No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your Highness.

*Leo.* How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my Lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leo.* What? can't not rule her?

*Pau.* From all dishonesty he can; in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour,) trust <sup>2</sup>'me,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo-you now, you hear,  
When she will take the rein, I let her run,  
But she'll not stumble.

*Pau.* Good my Liege, I come——  
And I beseech you hear me, who profess  
My self your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come  
From your good Queen.

*Leo.* Good Queen?

*Pau.* Good Queen, my Lord,  
Good Queen, I say good Queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leo.* Force her hence.

*Pau.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,  
But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

*Leo.* Out!

A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd.

*Pau.* Not so,

I am as ignorant in that as you,  
In so intit'ling me; and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leo.* Traytors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard. [*To Ant.*  
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooted  
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,  
Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.

*Pau.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't!

*Leo.* He dreads his wife.

*Pau.* So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt  
You'd call your children yours.

*Leo.* A nest of traytors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Pau.* Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,  
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not  
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak or stone was found.

*Leo.* A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,

And

And now  
It is the  
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*Pau.*

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*Pau.*

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*Pau.*

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Yea, so

*Leo.*

Out of



And now baits me! This brat is none of mine,  
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.  
Hence with it, and together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Pau.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,  
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the <sup>3</sup>'valleys,  
<sup>4</sup>'The dimples' of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,  
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't! lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's.

*Leo.* A gross hag!  
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your self  
Hardly one subject.

*Leo.* Once more take her hence.

*Pau.* A most unworthy and unnatural Lord  
Can do no more.

*Leo.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Pau.* I care not;  
It is an heretick that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,  
But this most cruel usage of your Queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to all the world.

*Leo.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,

Where

3 valley,

4 The pretty dimples

Where were her life? she durst not call me so;  
If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Pau.* I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send her  
A better guiding spirit! What need these hands?  
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so: farewell, we are gone.

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Leo.* Thou, traytor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
And by good testimony, or I'll seize  
Thy life, 'with all that's thine: if thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'd'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, Sir:  
The Lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*Lord.* We can, my royal Liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leo.* You're liars all.

*Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.  
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us: and on our knees  
We beg (as recompence of our dear service  
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel —

*Leo.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel

And

5 with what thou else call'st thine:

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*Ant.*

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*Leo.*

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*Ant.**Leo.*

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And call me father? better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:  
It shall not neither. You, Sir, come you hither;

[To Ant.

You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady *Margery*, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my Lord,  
That my ability may undergo  
And nobleness impose: at least thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent; <sup>6</sup> 'what's' possible.

*Leo.* It shall be possible; swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my Lord.

*Leo.* Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,  
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it <sup>7</sup> 'to some stranger place,'  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this; tho' a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
(Casting their savageness aside) have done

Like

<sup>6</sup> any thing

<sup>7</sup> strangely to some place,

Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed does require! and blessing  
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing condemn'd to loss! [Exit with the Child.

*Leo.* No; I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Please your Highness, posts  
 From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come  
 An hour since. *Gleomines* and *Dion*,  
 Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,  
 Hasting to th' Court.

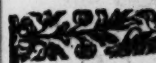
*Lord.* So please you, Sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

*Leo.* Twenty three days  
 They have been absent: this good speed foretels  
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will have  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords,  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath  
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
 A just and open tryal. While she lives,  
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
 And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt severally.]



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A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Part of SICILY.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the <sup>s</sup>'soil, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,  
For most <sup>s</sup>'they caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice;  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' Oracle,  
Kin to *Jove's* thunder, so surpris'd my sense  
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey  
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so!)  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy;  
'The use is worth the time on't.'

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,  
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,  
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the businels, when the Oracle  
Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up,

VOL. II. M m Shall

8 ille, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.  
9 it 1 The time is worth the use on't.

Shall the contents discover: something rare  
 Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses,  
 And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*A Court of Justice.*

*Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.*

Leo. **T**His session, to our great grief, we pronounce,  
 Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,  
 The daughter of a King, our wife, and one  
 Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd  
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
 Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation.  
 Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen  
 Appear in person here in Court. Silence!

*Hermione is brought in guarded; Paulina and Ladies.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of  
 Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,  
 in committing adultery with Polixenes King of Bithynia, and  
 conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign  
 Lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof be-  
 ing by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, con-  
 trary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst coun-  
 sel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation, and  
 The testimony on my part no other  
 But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me  
 To say, not guilty: mine integrity

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Being counted fallhood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
False accusations blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my Lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd  
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*  
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so: since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrant \* 'have  
I strain'd t' appear thus? if one jot beyond  
The bounds of honour, or in act or will  
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leo.* I ne'er heard yet  
That any of those bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gain-say what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough,  
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

*Leo.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More ' ' than I'm mistress of,  
'Which' comes to me in name of fault, I must not

M m 2

At

2 have

3 than mistress

4 What

At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,  
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
 With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A Lady like me; with a love, even such,  
 So and no other, as your self commanded:  
 Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you, and towards your 'friend;' whose love had spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd  
 For me to try how; all I know of it,  
 Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;  
 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not;  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
 Which I'll lay down.

*Leo.* Your actions are my dreams.  
 You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,  
 And I but dream'd it: as you <sup>6</sup>'are' past all shame,  
<sup>7</sup>'(Those of your fact are) so you're past all truth;  
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails:  
<sup>8</sup>'For as thy brat's cast out, like to it self,  
 No father owning it, (which is indeed  
 More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
 Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats;  
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek:  
 To me can life be no commodity;  
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

<sup>5</sup> friends;

<sup>6</sup> were

<sup>7</sup> (Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;

<sup>8</sup> Thy brat hath been cast out,

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 But know  
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*Her.*  
 Oh that  
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 Of pity,  
*Offi.* Y  
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I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went. My second joy,  
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast  
 (The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)  
 Hal'd out to murder; my self on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet with immodest hatred;  
 The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before  
 I have got strength of limbs. And now, my Liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; no! life,  
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour  
 Which I would free; if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
 I do refer me to the Oracle:  
*Apollo* be my judge.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Dion and Cleomines.*

*Lord.* This your request  
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,  
 And in *Apollo's* name, his Oracle.

*Her.* The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,  
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding  
 His daughter's tryal; that he did but see  
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes  
 Of pity, not revenge!

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,  
 That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have  
 Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought

M m 3

This

This seal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cleo. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leo.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo*!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leo.* Hast thou read the truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my Lord, even 'so as here set down.

*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;  
The session shall proceed; this is meer falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord the King, the King!

*Leo.* What is the business?

*Ser.* O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.  
The Prince your son, with meer conceit and fear  
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

*Leo.* How gone?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leo.* *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?

*Pau.* This news is mortal to the Queen: look down  
And see what death is doing.

*Leo.* Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.

*[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.]*

## S C E N E IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion;  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

so as it is here

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Whom I  
For being  
To blood  
Camillo fo  
My friend  
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*Pau.*  
O cut my  
Break to  
*Lord.*  
*Pau.*  
What wh  
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Must I  
To taste  
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Fancies  
For girl

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1 What



Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon  
My great prophaneness 'gainst thine Oracle.  
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,  
New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.  
For being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
*Camillo* for the minister to poison  
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,  
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied  
My swift command; tho' I with death, and with  
Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,  
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour; how he glitters  
Through my dark rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

S C E N E V.

*Enter Paulina.*

*Pau.* Woe the while!

O cut my lace, left my heart, cracking it,  
Break too.

*Lord.* Alas! What fit<sup>r</sup> is this, good lady?

*Pau.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive? whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine, Oh! think what they have done,

M m 4

And

1 What fit

And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all  
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,  
 That did but shew thee of a 'soul' inconstant  
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,  
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,  
 To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,  
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire.  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer; but the last, O Lords,  
 When I have said, cry woe! the Queen, the Queen,  
 The 'sweetest creature's' dead; and vengeance for't  
 Nor dropt down yet.

*Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Pau.* I say she's dead: I'll swear't. If word, nor oath  
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
 Than all thy 'vows' can stir: therefore betake thee  
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,  
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
 In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods  
 To look that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd  
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*Lord.*

2 fool . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*;

3 sweetest, dearest, creatures

4 woes . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

*Lord.*

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*Pau.*

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*Lord.* Say no more;  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'th' boldness of your speech.

*Pau.* I am sorry for't.  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much  
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd  
To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help  
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,  
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman  
The love I bore your Queen — lo, fool again —  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:  
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,  
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me  
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son,  
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear unto  
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit  
The chappel where they lye, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation. 'Long' as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
'To these my sorrows.'

[*Exeunt.*]

5 So long

6 To these sorrows.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to Bithynia. A desert Country; the Sea at a little distance.*

*Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* **T**Hou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The desarts of *Bithynia*?

*Mar.* 7 'Ay, and fear'

We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,  
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before  
I call 8 'on' thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away.  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I'm glad at heart  
To be so rid o'th' business. [Exit.

*Ant.* Come, poor babe;  
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead  
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow  
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

7 Ay, my Lord; and fear,

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Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,  
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
 Places remote enough are in *Bilbynia*,  
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost 'for ever,' *Perdita*  
 I pr'ythee call't. For this ungentle business  
 Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect my self, and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,  
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that  
*Apollo* would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Child.

There lye, and there thy character: there these,  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
 To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!  
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
 The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour,  
 Well may I get aboard! this is the chace,  
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit pursued by a bear.

9 for ever and ever,

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between 'thirteen and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting — hark you now — would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.**Clo.* Hillos, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it 'rakes' up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh the most piteous cry of the poor souls, some-

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*Clo.* N  
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*Shep.*

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*Shep.*

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*Clo.* Y

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*Shep.*

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*Clo.* G

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times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then the <sup>3</sup> 'land-sight,' to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by to have help'd the <sup>4</sup> 'nobleman.'

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; <sup>5</sup> 'but there' your charity would have lack'd footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changling; open't; what's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a <sup>6</sup> 'made' old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secresie. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much

<sup>3</sup> land-service,

<sup>5</sup> there

<sup>4</sup> old man . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

<sup>6</sup> mad . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Time as Chorus.*

T I M E.

**I** That please some, try all, both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd  
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'er-throw law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'er-whelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to  
The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistering of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving  
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be

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In fair *Bithynia*, and remember well,  
 'There is a son' o' th' King's, whom *Florizel*  
 I now name to you, and with speed so pace  
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wondring. What of her ensues  
 I list not prophesie. But let Time's news  
 Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is th' argument of time ; of this allow,  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:  
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit]

S C E N E II.

*Court of Bithynia.*

*Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate;  
 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to  
 grant this.

*Cam.* It is 'sixteen' years since I saw my country;  
 though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire  
 to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my  
 master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I  
 might be some allay, or I o'er-ween to think so, which is  
 another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest  
 of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of  
 thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have  
 had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made  
 me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently  
 manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take  
 away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if  
 I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to  
 be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my  
 profit

profit therein, the heaping<sup>9</sup> 'friendship.' Of that fatal country *Sicilia* pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have<sup>1</sup> '(musingly)' noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

*Pol.* I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence; <sup>2</sup> 'and,' I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> friendships. <sup>1</sup> musingly  
<sup>2</sup> but, . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

SCENE

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S C E N E III.

The Country.

Enter Autolicus singing.

When daffadils begin to peere,  
With hey the doxy over the dale,  
Why then comes in the sweet o' th' year:  
For the red blood reigns <sup>3</sup>'o'er the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing!  
Doth set my <sup>4</sup>'progging' tooth on edge,  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

The lark that tirra lyra chaunts,  
With hey, with hey the thrush and the jay:  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-  
pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser  
linen. My father named me Autolicus, who being, as

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N n

I am

3 in bbo 4 pugging

I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab I purchas'd this caparison,<sup>a</sup> and my revenue is the 'sly' cheat. Gallows and 'knocks' are too powerful on the highway, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see, every 7<sup>th</sup> eleventh<sup>7</sup> weather tod, every tod yields 8<sup>a</sup> a pound and one odd<sup>8</sup> shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wooll too?

*Aut.* If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside*]

*Clo.* I cannot do't without compters. Let me see what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; <sup>b</sup>three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' th' sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground*]

*Clo.* I' th' name of me——

*Aut.* Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags and then death, death——

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

(a) Meaning the poor ragged cloaths he had on.

(b) Meaning those who sing Catches which are generally in three parts.

Theobald.

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6 knock

7 eleven

8 pound and odd

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*Aut.*  
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*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

*[Helping him up.]*

*Aut.* Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet Sir: no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with 'troll-madams: I knew him once a servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a

N n 2. (bailiff;

9 trol-my-dames: . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

baliff; then he compass a Motion <sup>a</sup> of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

*Clo.* Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bithynia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you do now?

*Aut.* Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on thy way?

*Aut.* No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

*Clo.* Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.]

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet Sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,<sup>b</sup> and my name put into the book of virtue.

## S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*

*And merrily 'bend the stile-a.*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [Exit.]

## SCENE

(a) *A Motion is a word for a Puppet-show.*

(b) *Alluding to the societies into which the notorious cheats and gipsies inroll themselves.*

Warburton.

<sup>1</sup> bent

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*Per.*

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<sup>3</sup> Vile  
Should  
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S C E N E IV.

*The old Shepherd's House.*

*Enter Florizel and Perdita.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora*  
Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,  
And you the Queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious Lord,  
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:  
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom; I should blush  
To see you so attir'd, <sup>2</sup>'swoon, I think,  
To shew my self a glass.

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now *Jove* afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did: oh the fates,  
How would he look to see his work, so noble,  
<sup>3</sup>'Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how  
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold  
The sternness of his presence!

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken

N n 3

The

<sup>2</sup> sworn

<sup>3</sup> Vildly

The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*  
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*  
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,  
 Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,  
 As I seem now. Their transformations  
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
 Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires  
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts  
 Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O but, dear Sir,  
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' King.  
 One of these two <sup>4</sup>'necessities must be,  
 Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,  
 Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest *Perdita*,  
 With these forc'd thoughts I pr'ythee darken not  
 The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,  
 Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
 Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentlest!  
 Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
 Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day  
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
 We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O Lady fortune,  
 Stand you auspicious!

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants; with  
 Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach;  
 Address your self to entertain them sprightly,  
 And let's be red with mirth.

<sup>4</sup> must be necessities,

*Shep.*

*Shep.*  
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*Pol.*

Do you

*Per.*

*Shep.*

5



*Shep.* Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here  
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
With labour; and the things she took to quench it  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self  
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* 'Sirs, you're welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.]  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.  
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th' season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,

N n 4

There

5 Sirs, welcome.

There is an art, which in their pideness shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say there be,

Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but  
The art it self is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put

The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:  
No more than were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well; and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavenders, mints, savoury, marjoram.  
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January* [friend,  
Would blow you through and through. Now, <sup>6</sup> fairest  
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet  
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From *Dis's* waggon! <sup>7</sup> early daffadils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take

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6 my fairest

7 daffadils,

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The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,  
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; <sup>s'</sup>gold<sup>n</sup> oxslips, and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend  
To strow him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What? like a Coarse?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lye and play on;  
Not like a Coarse; or if, not to be buried;  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In *Whitfund'* pastorals: sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function. Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are Queens.

*Per.* O *Doricles*,  
Your praises are too large; but that your youth  
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
With wildom I might fear, my *Doricles*,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think you have  
As little skill <sup>2'</sup>in<sup>n</sup> fear, as I have purpose

To

To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;  
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than her self,  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look 'out: good sooth she is  
The Queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry, garlick  
To mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now in good time.

*Clo.* Not a word, a word, we stand upon our man-  
ners, come strike up.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pol.* 'I pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Who dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself  
To have a worthy 'breeding; but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it:  
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,  
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse  
'Which loves the other best.'

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does any thing, tho' I report it  
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

S C E N E

1 on't: ... old edit. Theob. emend.

2 pray, 3 feeding; ... old edit. Warb. emend.

4 Who loves another best.

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S C E N E VI.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Ser.* He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dil-do's and fading's: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop! do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop! do me no harm, good man*.

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

*Ser.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bithynia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross: inkles, cad-disses, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were Gods or Goddeses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the 'sleeve-band,' and the work about the square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

*Clo.*

5 sleeve-hand,

*Clo.* You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,  
Perfume for a Lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins and poaking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:*

*Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no mony of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: 'charm' your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

6 clamour

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*Aut.* And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty many bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a month old.

*Dor.* 'Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress *Taleporter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month a-go.

*Aut.* I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

*Aut.* Get you hence, for I must go,  
Where it fits not you to know.

*Dor.* Whither?

*Mop.* O whither?

*Dor.* Whither?

*Mop.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

*Dor.* Me too, let me go thither:

*Mop.* Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,

*Dor.* If to either thou dost ill:

*Aut.* Neither.

*Dor.* What neither?

*Aut.* Neither.

*Dor.* Thou hast sworn my love to be,

*Mop.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:  
Then whither goest? say whither?

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by our selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the first choice; follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

S O N G.

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?*

*Any silk, any thread, any toys for your bead  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?*

*Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,  
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

S C E N E



S C E N E VII.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Master, there are three <sup>7</sup> 'goat-herds,' three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves saltiers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and half by th' square.

*Shep.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd; let them come in, but quickly now.

<sup>8</sup> *Flo.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

*Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Pol.* Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them; He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd? Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your last Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For

<sup>7</sup> carters, . . . old edit. *Thobb. emend.*

<sup>8</sup> *Pol.* O father, you'll know more of that hereafter, Is it not, &c.

For a reply at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are ;

The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt

Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem

Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow

That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before! I've put you out;

But to your protestation: let me hear

What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;

That were I crown'd the most imperial Monarch

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

Without her love; for her imploy them all,

Commend them, and condemn them to her service,

Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shews a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.

By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain;

And, friends unknown! you shall bear witness to't:

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I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,  
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have; but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lyes he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good Sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason my son  
Should chuse himself a wife, but as good reason  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

VOL. II.

O o

*Flo.*

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee let him.

*Flo.* No; he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traytor,  
I'm sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou coap'st with —

*Shep.* Oh my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never  
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession,  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
'Less' than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the Court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman, yea, him too  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to it.

[*Exit.*]

9 Far

SCENE



S C E N E VIII.

*Per.* Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice  
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun that shines upon his Court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike. Will't please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Flo.]

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: 'from this my dream'  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father?  
Speak ere thou diest.

*Skep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [To Flo.]  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,  
To lye close by his honest bones; but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels in dust. Oh cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.]

That knew't this was the Prince, and would't adventure  
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire. [Exit:]

S C E N E IX.

*Flo.* Why look you so upon me?  
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd: what I was I am;  
More straining on for plucking back; not following  
My leash unwillingly.

O o 2

*Cam.*

i this dream of mine,

*Cam.* Gracious my Lord,  
 You know your father's temper: at this time  
 He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;  
 Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.  
 I think, *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Even he, my Lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus?  
 How often said, my dignity would last  
 But 'till 'twere known?

*Flo.* It cannot fail but by  
 The violation of my faith, and then  
 Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,  
 And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks, —  
 From my succession wipe me, father, I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am; and by my fancy: if my reason  
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness  
 Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, Sir.

*Flo.* So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,  
 Not for *Bithynia*, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereout glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair lov'd: therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have ever been my father's friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not  
 To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion; let my self and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know  
 And so deliver, I am put to sea

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With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, *Perdita*.

I'll hear you by and by.

[*To Cam.*

*Cam.* He's irremovable,  
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,  
And that unhappy King, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

[*Aside.*

*Flo.* Now, good *Camillo*;  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love  
That I have born your father.

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick  
To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my Lord,  
If you may please to think I love the King,  
And through him what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration; on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your Highness, where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by

(As heav'ns forefend) your ruin. Marry heſ,  
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,  
Your diſcontented father I will ſtrive  
To qualifye and bring him up to liking:

*Flo.* How, *Camillo*,  
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,  
And after that truſt to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
\* 'Towards' what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs  
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then liſt to me:  
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,  
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,  
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs  
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;  
She ſhall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I ſee  
*Leontes* opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands  
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th' one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,  
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;  
The



The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of your selves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, <sup>3</sup> 'which'  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
<sup>4</sup> 'I'th' rear of birth.'

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, Sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita* —  
But oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*,  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house; how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bitbynia's* son,  
Nor shall appear in *Sicily* —

O o 4

*Cam.*

3 who

4 She is i'th' rear o' our birth.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
 Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
 Do all lye there: it shall be so my care  
 To have you royally appointed, as if  
 The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,  
 That you may know you shall not want; one word.  
*[They talk aside.*

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Autolicus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust, his  
 sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all  
 my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,  
 pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,  
 shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from  
 fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my  
 trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to  
 the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best  
 in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd.  
 My good Clown (who wants but something to be a rea-  
 sonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that  
 he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and  
 words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all  
 their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd  
 a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-  
 piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in  
 chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and  
 admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of  
 lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses:  
 and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against  
 his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs  
 from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole  
 army.

*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

*Cam.* Nay; but my letters by this means being there,  
 So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.*

*Flo.*  
*Cam.*  
*Per.*  
 All tha  
*Cam.*  
 We'll r  
 Nothin  
*Aut.*  
*Cam.*  
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*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*—

*Cam.* Shall satisfie your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

*Cam.* Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autol.*

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

*Cam.* How now, 'good fellow, come, why' shak'st thou  
Fear not, man, here's no harm intended to thee. [so?

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still:

Here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

[*Aside.*

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the gentleman is half dead already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the trick on't.

[*Aside.*

*Flo.* Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy  
Come home to ye!) you must retire your self  
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming, that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board  
Get undescry'd.

*Per.*

5 good fellow, why

*Per.* I see the play so lyes  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy —  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have  
No hat: come, Lady, come: farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be to tell the King [*Aside*.  
Of this escape, and whither they are bound:  
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after; in whose company  
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea-side. [*Ex. Flo. and Per.*

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E XI.

*Aut.* I understand the business, I <sup>6</sup> 'heard' it: to have  
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary  
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell  
out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time  
that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had  
this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this  
exchange! sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and  
we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is  
about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father,  
with his clog at his heels. <sup>7</sup> If I thought it were not a  
piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would

6 hear

7 If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal,  
I would not do't; . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*



do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the King she's a changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I<sup>s</sup> 'know not how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely, puppies!

[*Aside.*

*Shep.* Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

*Aut.* Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.<sup>a</sup> How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' palace, an it like your Worship.

*Aut.*

(a) *Meaning his false beard.*

Warburton,

<sup>s</sup> know how

*Aut.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, Sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they 'do give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manour.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, an't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose Court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, Court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the Court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

*Shep.* None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot but be a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.*

9 do not give . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

*Aut.*

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*Aut.*

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*Aut.* The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel?  
Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, Sir?

*Aut.* The King is not at the palace, he's gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vita*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of those traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be  
smil'd

smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft lead by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember *ston'd and flay'd alive*.

*Shep.* An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, Sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you; walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am

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courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Changes to Sicilia.*

*Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.*

C L E O M I N E S.

S I R, you have done enough, and have perform'd  
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them forgive your self.

*Leo.* Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did my self; which was so much  
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom, and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Pau.* True, too true, my Lord;  
If one by one you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,

To

<sup>1</sup> Bred his hopes out of, True

*Pau.* Too true, my Lord; &c. ... old edit. Theob. emend.

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Wou'd be unparallel'd.

*Leo.* I think so. Kill'd?  
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good Lady;  
You might have spoke a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Pau.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would <sup>2</sup>/not,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,  
What dangers (by his Highness' fail of issue)  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice the <sup>3</sup>/former Queen? This will.  
What holier, than for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of Majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Pau.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone; besides, the Gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:  
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,  
Is't not the tenour of his Oracle,  
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,  
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
My Lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,

Oppose

<sup>2</sup> not so,

<sup>3</sup> former Queen is well? ... old. edit. Warb. emend



Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue; [*To the King.*  
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*  
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leo.* <sup>4</sup> Ah! good *Paulina*,  
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,  
I know, in honour: O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now  
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips!

*Pau.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth:  
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse  
And better us'd would make her fainted spirit  
Again possess her corps, and on this stage,  
<sup>5</sup> (Where we offended anew) appear soul-vest,  
And begin, why to me?

*Pau.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Pau.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd  
Should be, Remember mine.

*Leo.* <sup>6</sup> Stars, very stars,  
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

*Pau.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leo.* Never, *Paulina*, so be bless'd my spirit!

*Pau.* Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

**V O L. II. P p** *Pau.*

<sup>4</sup> good *Paulina*,

<sup>5</sup> Where we offenders now appear, or Where we offend her now

<sup>6</sup> Stars, Stars,

*Pau.* Unless another,  
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good Madam, pray have done.

*Pau.* Yet if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leo.* My true *Paulina*,  
We shall not marry, 'till thou bidd'st us.

*Pau.* That  
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:  
Never till then.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives himself out Prince *Florizel*,  
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leo.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leo.* His Princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Pau.* Oh *Hermione*,  
As every present time doth boast it self  
Above a better, gone; so must thy 'graces'  
Give way to what's fresh now. Sir, you your self  
Have said, and writ so, that your writing now  
Is colder 'on' that theme; *she had not been*

7 grave      8 than

Nor



Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;  
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. " ' ' This is such a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make profelytes  
Of ' ' whom she but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man: men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomines;  
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange  
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cleomines.

Pau. Had our Prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this Lord; there was not a full month  
Between their births.

Leo. Prythee 'no more; thou know'st  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

S C E N E III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,

P p 2

And

9 This is a creature, 1 who 2 no more; cease;

And your fair Princess: Goddess, oh! alas!  
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth  
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as  
 You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost  
 (All mine own folly) the society,  
 Amity too of your brave father, whom  
 (Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life  
 Once more to look on.

*Flo.* Sir, by his command  
 Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him  
 Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend,  
 Can send his brother; and but infirmity,  
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd  
 His wish'd ability, he had himself  
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
 Measur'd, to look upon you whom he loves,  
 He bad me say so, more than all the scepters  
 And those that bear them living.

*Leo.* Oh my brother!  
 Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir  
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,  
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage  
 (At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,  
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
 Th' adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my Lord,  
 She came from *Lybia*.

*Leo.* Where the warlike *Smalus*,  
 That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal Sir, from thence, from him whose  
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence [daughter  
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your Highness; my best train  
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,  
 Who for *Bitbynia* bend, to signify

Not



Not only my success in *Lybia*, Sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, <sup>3</sup> where we happily are.

*Leo.* The blessed Gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here! you have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble Sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,  
*Bitbynia* greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has,  
His dignity and duty both cast off,  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bitbynia*? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him.  
I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message: to your Court  
Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming Lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* *Camillo* has betray'd me,  
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now  
Endur'd all weathers.

P p 3

*Lord.*

<sup>3</sup> where we are.

Lord, Lay't so to his charge;  
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him, who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
*Bithynia* stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father!  
The heav'n, which sets spies on us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;  
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,  
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in 'birth' as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;  
Though *Fortune* visible, an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to Time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,  
Stept forth mine advocate: at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress  
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my Liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month

4 worth . . . old edit, Warb. emend.

'Fore



'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. But your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;  
Your honour not o'er-thrown by your desires,  
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?  
*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel,  
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found  
it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all  
commanded out of the chamber; only this, me-thought,  
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but  
the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were  
very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring  
on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There  
was speech in their dumbness, language in their very  
gesture; they look'd as if they had heard of a world  
ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder  
appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no  
more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were  
joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must  
needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the  
news, *Rogero*?

*2 Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the Oracle is fulfill'd;  
the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is  
broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot  
be able to express it.

*Enter*

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bitynia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to 'draw' it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which

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seems much, to justifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so lock'd her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine <sup>6</sup>eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since

6 eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was,

since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along.

*Aut.* Now, had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, Sir; [*To Autolycus.*] you denied to fight with me <sup>7</sup> the other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and



and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master,

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good Worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bitbynthia*.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Paulina's House.*

*Enter* Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

*Leo.* O Grave and good Paulina, the great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

*Paul.*

*Pau.* What, sovereign Sir,  
I did not well, I meant well; all my services  
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honour you with trouble; but we came  
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Pau.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness I do well believe  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
'Lonely,' apart. But here it is; prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Pau. draws a curtain, and discovers Her. standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,  
Comes it not something near?

*Leo.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Pau.* So much the more our carver's excellence,  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might have done, So  
8 Lovely,



So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;  
Even with such life of Majesty, warm life,  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.  
I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it? oh royal piece!  
There's magick in thy Majesty, which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear Queen! that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Pau.* O, patience;  
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry; scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd it self much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Pau.* Indeed, my Lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,  
I'd not have shew'd you it.

*Leo.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Pau.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon, it move.

*Leo.* Let be, let be;  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already——  
What was he that did make it? see, my Lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.*

*Pol.* Masterly done!  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leo.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we were mock'd with art.

*Pau.* I'll draw the curtain.  
My Lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leo.* O sweet *Paulina*,  
Make me to think so twenty years together:  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Pau.* I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but  
I could afflict you further.

*Leo.* Do, *Paulina*,  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Pau.* Good my Lord, forbear;  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

*Leo.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Pau.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you  
For more amazement; if you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,  
Which I protest against, I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on; what to speak  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie  
To make her speak, as move.

*Pau.* It is requir'd

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You do awake your faith; then all stand still:  
 'Or' those that think it is unlawful business  
 I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;  
 No foot shall stir.

Pau. Musick; awake her: strike; [Musick.  
 'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,  
 Strike all that look 'on you' with marvel. Come,  
 I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away:  
 Bequeath to death your numbness; for from him  
 Dear life redeems you; you perceive she stirs,

[Her. comes down.

Start not, her actions shall be holy, as  
 You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,  
 Until you see her die again, for then  
 You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;  
 When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,  
 Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm; [Embracing her.  
 If this be magick, let it be an art  
 Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;  
 If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and 'make' manifest where she has liv'd,  
 Or how stol'n from the dead.

Pau. That she is living,  
 Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
 Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
 Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
 Please you to interpose, fair Madam, kneel,  
 And pray your mother's blessing; turn, good Lady,  
 Our *Perdita* is found. [Presenting *Perdita*, who kneels to Her.

Her. You Gods, look down,  
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
 Upon my daughter's head! tell me, mine own,  
 Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found  
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9 and 1 upon 2 make it

Thy father's Court? for thou shalt hear that I  
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
My self, to see the issue.

*Pau.* There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all, your exultation  
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament 'till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace, *Paulina*:  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,  
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty  
Is richly noted; and here justified  
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.  
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,

[To Her.

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion: this your son-in-law,  
And son unto the King, 's' from heav'n's directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [Exeunt omnes.

3 whom,



*The End of the SECOND VOLUME.*









